

The Saturday Review

No. 3462. Vol. 133.

4 March 1922

[REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER.]

6d

CONTENTS

Notes of the Week	217
Leading Articles:—	
Ideal Statecraft	220
Genoa on Terms	221
Lord Northcliffe's Return	222
Middle Articles:—	
New Squires on the Land	222
The Aesthetics of the Drop-	
Scene. By Tancred Borenius	223
The Art of Chaliapine. By E.	
A. Baughan	224
Some Successful Plays. By	
James Agate	225
Correspondence:—	
The Negro Novelist. (From	
Our French Correspondent)	226
England Revisited. (From a	
Correspondent)	227
Nature and Country Life.	
By a Woodman	228
Verse:—	
The Eagle, the Magpie his	
Wife, and the Sparrow his	
Daughter. A Fable. By	
Gay Junior	228

Letters to the Editor:—	
French Journalism	229
'An Obsession of British Opera'	229
'Dirty Work'	230
The Government of India	230
The Civil Service	231
Death by Misadventure	231
'What Every Man wants to	
Know'	232
'A Paradise of Socialism'	232
Reviews:—	
Irish Civilization	232
Letters	233
Premier Opinions	234
An Italian Idealist	234
Trout-fishing	235
The Attractions of Hampshire	235
Harbours of Memory	236
Fiction	236
The Library Table	238
The Magazines	238
Chess	238
Books Received	239
A Library List	239
Financial Supplement	41-44

EDITORIAL NOTICE.—Contributions are not invited, but will be considered provided a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for their return if unsuitable. They should be typewritten.

Notes of the Week

OUR congratulations on the happy event of last Tuesday are first of all due to the King and Queen, to whom in humble duty we proffer them, with the best of good wishes to the Royal bride and her bridegroom. We feel also that a special tribute is due to the Dean of Westminster for his masterly conception and conduct of a ceremony which, in our experience as spectators of such things, was without precedent for magnificent simplicity, and for the perfection of its outward and inward appeal. Splendid as was the State ceremonial, it was, as was proper on a religious occasion, surpassed by the nobility and beauty with which the smallest fragments of the ecclesiastical rite were invested. The note of simplicity and sincerity was never lost; it was merely reinforced by every loving and lovely detail of the ceremonial. When we say that it was worthy of Westminster Abbey, we are aware of the meaning of the words we use; and in using them we offer Bishop Ryle the greatest tribute in our power.

It is a very long time since the streets of London were the theatre of so much genuine happiness and goodwill as animated the vast crowds on Tuesday. The occasion was reassuring in many ways; not least in the evidence it afforded that, in spite of all our troubles, we have not as a people lost our essential kindness of heart and disposition. In no other country in the world could such vast crowds have been managed with so gentle and light a control, or in so perfect a spirit of good humour.

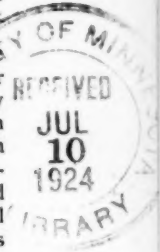
The political sensation caused by the Prime Minister's letter to Mr. Austen Chamberlain reminds us that Mr. Lloyd George's failure to insist on a General Election immediately after the conclusion of the Irish Treaty will be another classical instance of missing the tide of opportunity. It is a strange reflection that Disraeli, who was always considered to be a master tactician, made a similar mistake after the Treaty of

Berlin. Whatever may happen—whether the Prime Minister manages to eke out his term of office or whether he goes to the country and obtains a majority—a blow has been delivered at his prestige from which he will never recover. There has not been in English history a man who has exercised so magical and unchallenged a sway over a representative assembly and over the people. The extent of his strange power will be the better appreciated when it is realized that his resignation threatens to involve the ancient party structures in ruin. It is indeed a case of *après moi le deluge*.

The letter addressed by Mr. Lloyd George to Mr. Austen Chamberlain will have come as no surprise to our readers, who have been acquainted since last October with the very serious rift in the Coalition which the letter lays bare, but does not deepen. Some months ago we referred to Mr. Austen Chamberlain in a leading article as "the lost leader." It is in the circumstances pathetic that the Prime Minister should have been compelled by etiquette to address his letter to him. We have frequently warned our Conservative Coalition friends that the inevitable ending to the story would be that the Prime Minister would throw them into the same disintegration as the Liberals. Thus end Coalitions!

We understand what really determined Mr. Lloyd George to hit back at the rebellious Conservatives was that his colleagues in the international sphere have learned something from Sir George Younger's tactics. The insecurity of the Premier's position has long been known abroad, and if Sir George Younger's shock tactics seriously undermined his domestic prestige by forcing him to postpone a General Election, M. Poincaré—are we wrong in supposing it?—has succeeded in putting off the Genoa meeting to a date which he hopes will be too far distant to admit of Mr. Lloyd George still speaking on behalf of this country.

It emerges most clearly from the whole business that the Prime Minister was a little parsimonious of truth when he stated and reiterated, after his return from Cannes, that he had never even contemplated a General Election. The Lord Chancellor allowed it to be understood from his speech at the end of last week that this difference of opinion between the supporters of the Coalition and Sir George Younger had for some time been acute and that he, for one, had counselled the advisability of a General Election in the early New Year. Where the Lord Chancellor was seriously underestimating the forces opposed to him was in referring to Sir George as a "cabin-boy." The Unionist organizer is in a far more formidable position. He is a revolutionary general who takes the army with him. Controlling, as he does, the electoral machine, he can afford to let the Lord Chancellor talk, secure in the knowledge of his power in the constituencies. An illustration of his very determined revolutionary tactics which has escaped general notice is to be seen in the prospective election at Inverness. There, in a seat which by right should have been allotted to a Liberal-Coalitionist, a Conservative has been selected to represent the Coalition interest. Other manifestations that Sir George is



winning the day can be found at Wolverhampton and at Cambridge, where the Conservative Coalition candidates have somewhat hastily disclaimed their unqualified support of the present administration.

Of course there is no immediate reason why the present Coalition should not continue until its term of office naturally expires. It still retains an overwhelming majority in Parliament, and whilst it will probably lose most of the by-elections there can be no difficulty about its carrying on. Much may happen in the course of the next few months to push the pendulum over to Mr. Lloyd George's side again. He relies on Genoa. The American attitude towards the Conference seriously compromises his chances of making electoral capital out of the Conference. The Egyptian achievement may count for something. Ireland is doubtful. By postponing the election Mr. Collins has made it quite plain that Mr. De Valera is in at least as strong a position as himself. Moreover, in the present ambiguous state of affairs he will find it difficult to organize an efficient administration, the lack of which is so painfully obvious. While, therefore, we see no immediate necessity why the Prime Minister should lose heart in the face of his political difficulties, we know him to be in such a miserable state of mind that he may take precipitate action. If he goes to the country now he has only the meanest chance of securing a majority. The wave of feeling is favourable to Liberalism and Labour. If he decides to resign without dissolving, we hope he will adhere to his intention of advising the King to send for Mr. Balfour. In either event the country would obtain a sounder administration.

Now perhaps the eyes of the blind will be opened to the real attitude of America with regard to this country. Our readers will remember that we gave the first news some weeks ago of a proposed subsidy for American shipping, but we refrained from comment until the rumour should have been confirmed. Now the confirmation has come, and it is worse even than we suspected. President Harding has not been long in determining what America is to do with the money to be saved on her navy. Shipping and ship-building are to be subsidized to the tune of some thirty-two million dollars annually. A "merchant marine naval reserve" is to be created; preferential rail rates are to be given to goods carried on American vessels, and fifty per cent. of American immigrants are to be compelled to travel in American ships. This reactionary policy is the first outcome of the gush at Washington which we so profoundly mistrusted from the first. It is a direct declaration of war against England. We shall deal more fully with the subject next week.

A long message in the *Morning Post* on Wednesday from its Washington correspondent, who hitherto has been extraordinarily confident that the ratification of the treaties by the American Senate would take place within a comparatively short time, draws attention to the slow passage of the debate on the relatively much less contentious Guam treaty between the United States and Japan, and states that doubts are now being expressed, in quarters where optimism had formerly reigned supreme, not only of any speedy close of the debate on the treaties produced by the Conference, but even of their ultimate ratification. If this is so, what becomes of the "information whose exactness" was beyond question which was given as the basis of the declaration (as we noted last week) of the American Ambassador at the Pilgrims' dinner that the ratification of the treaties by the Senate was as certain as their ratification by the British Parliament? We have consistently warned our readers of the possibility of the rejection in whole or in part of the treaties by the Senate; possibility seems now to be passing into proba-

bility, and, this being the case, we ask: What is our Government going to do in the event, say, of the non-ratification of the Naval Treaty?

A big step forward along the difficult road to the economic reconstruction of Europe is suggested by the report, published on Monday, of the Organizing Committee of the International Banking Consortium which was planned at Cannes. The notable thing about this committee, which sat for four days last week here in London, was that it included not only British, French, Italian and Japanese delegates, as well as an unofficial American representative, but also German delegates. This is the first occasion since the war when the Germans have co-operated with the Allies on an equal footing; we welcome it as another indication of the return to sanity. The committee proposes the establishment of a Central International Corporation in London and of Affiliated National Corporations in each country—for a start, Britain, France, Germany, Italy and Belgium, other countries coming in later. Each national corporation is to have a capital of four millions sterling, and to subscribe ten per cent. of it to form a capital of two millions for the central corporation, the money to be used in banking, shipbuilding, railway and tramway construction, docks and harbours, electric works, and in reclamation. Russia, however, has been ruled out of the scheme for the present. Considering the area to be covered, twenty millions is not a large amount, but it may do for a beginning.

In previous issues we commented on the fine part being played in the work of reconstruction by Czechoslovakia. This state is to-day at once the most stable and the most progressive in Central Europe, and its power and influence are steadily growing. It has already, by the treaty made some weeks ago at Lana, turned Austria from an enemy into a friend. The Little Entente, which is largely under Czech leadership, has now been joined by Poland, and this new political combination is, it is said, to be known as the Quadruple Alliance and is to act at Genoa as a unit. This, if true, is important enough, but we trust we are not wrong in attaching an even greater significance to the possibilities for good of the economic conference which is to be held immediately at Belgrade under the same auspices. If, as is suggested, Greece joins in the conference, there is the prospect of a solid bloc of the states of Central and South-Eastern Europe hard at work on the solution of the problems of reconstruction in these areas. This should react favourably on the general situation.

After continuing for twenty-four days the political crisis in Italy terminated in the formation of a Government under Signor Facta. His Cabinet consists of no fewer than nine senators and deputies belonging to the Liberal-Democrat groups, three deputies from the Popular or Catholic group, and one deputy each from the Reformist and Agrarian groups. The new Premier is an old friend and colleague of Signor Giolitti, who may be expected to support him. Senator Schanzer, just returned from the Washington Conference, is Foreign Minister. We presume that one of the first of his duties will be to attend the long-delayed conference on the Turkish question, the urgency of a settlement of which is greater now even than when the conference was mooted. For the snows are melting in Anatolia, and unless something is speedily done the Greeks and the Turks will again be at each other's throats. We hope it is clear that Britain will not help the Greeks against the Turks, and in this connexion we note with satisfaction the statement made in Parliament on Monday by the Government that the application of the Greek Government to the Advisory Committee under the Trade Facilities Act for a loan has been withdrawn.

Mr. Lloyd George's statement on Egypt in the House on Tuesday and the White Paper issued on the same day show that the Government's policy for that country is pretty much what was indicated in the papers last week. It is a policy of contradictions, of "terminological inexactitudes," and we know not how it can be expected to work out into the New Era for Egypt some profess to see in it. Britain is to declare that the protectorate is abolished and that Egypt is to be recognized as an independent sovereign state, but the fact remains that Britain is to continue to protect Egypt with the British Army, which will also have to be maintained there for the purpose of protecting Egypt from herself, as well as of protecting British interests, for this is the only meaning that can be attached to the matters "absolutely reserved to the discretion of his Majesty's Government." These include the security of British communications, the defence of Egypt against foreign interference, the protection of foreign interests and of minorities, and the Sudan. We note that Sarwat Pasha, who has formed a Cabinet, states that "free and friendly negotiations" are to take place respecting the guarantees. We may hope they will be friendly, but we do not see how, strictly speaking, they can very well be free. There is a maximum of concession beyond which Britain cannot go.

We confess that we are as anxious as ever about India; optimism with regard to the outlook there is entirely unjustified—not so much because outrages, which are symptomatic, continue, but because Gandhi is at his old tricks again. Though he suspended his campaign of mass civil disobedience, he authorized at the end of last week, through the Committee of the Congress at Delhi, which is under his control, a campaign of "individual civil disobedience." This is the same thing under another name, for he made no restriction respecting the number of individuals entering into it. Further, we note that according to the *Pioneer* Gandhi, even during his penitent fit, not only did not cease to carry on but intensified his determined efforts to undermine the loyalty of the native troops. The *Times* correspondent at Lahore, where we are glad to see that the Prince had a good reception, states that Lord Reading has been given a free hand by the Home Government, and we wonder, as for weeks past, why he does not exercise his authority, and put Gandhi down.

We refer to the prospects for Genoa in another part of this issue. The compromise arrived at between Mr. Lloyd George and M. Poincaré follows exactly on what was predicted in last week's *SATURDAY REVIEW*. The problem will now be for the experts to get the Conference into such a state of preparation as will prevent it having to mark time after the ceremonial opening. Though the customary horde of secretaries at Supreme Council meetings where only four countries and a few statesmen are concerned has been grossly overdone, adequate arrangements for such things as interpreting, translation, distribution and printing of documents for a really large Conference is a task entailing staff work of a very complicated kind. There is another aspect to the question of delay. All Conferences which have resulted in something good or bad, from the Peace Conference to the Conference at Washington, have come to their conclusions because someone or other with an active brain arrived at the beginning with a plan ready made. Once such a plan exists, it is astonishingly difficult to deviate from it. At the Peace Conference, the men so equipped were Sir Maurice Hankey and M. Tardieu; at Washington apparently Mr. Hughes. It is interesting to speculate who will undertake this office in Genoa.

The Financial Committee of the League of Nations has been sitting in London to discuss Austrian Credits, and in particular the suggestion made by the Govern-

ments of England, France and Czecho-Slovakia—each of whom are lending money to the Austrian Government—that the League of Nations should appoint a financial adviser to collaborate with the Austrian Government in the task of putting the finances of the country in order, on the lines of the proposal made last year jointly by the Austrians and the Financial Committee. The Austrian Government is now apparently unwilling to agree to the appointment of such an adviser—its unwillingness being perhaps stimulated by a rival Allied adviser already on the spot in Vienna. The Financial Committee of the League has, therefore, in a letter to the Austrian Government, washed its hands of the whole matter, and unless a change in Austrian policy takes place, the financial regeneration of the country may be indefinitely postponed.

Sir Robert Horne handled the Government case in the Geddes Debate well. He has, at any rate, guaranteed a saving of three-quarters of the sum recommended by the Geddes Committee. This will bring the total saving intended up to £181,000,000 for the coming year, so that the tactics of the Chancellor of the Exchequer were unquestionably wise. He did not accept any of the suggested Geddes recommendations *in toto*. Had he done so he would have invited the most enthusiastic opposition from the interested parties. He was far too wise, and by taking small sums off each of the recommendations he managed to please everybody and offend none. The House expected—hoped, rather—that he would announce some mitigation of the income-tax. That, however, is a surprise yet to come. It is quite obvious that the Geddes Committee has had a most healthy influence. There is a distinct probability that some of the post-War Departments will be abolished or amalgamated into the larger Ministries. The most satisfactory announcement of all is that a Committee of Inquiry will be set up at once to report on the respective merits of percentage and block-grants to local authorities. It is in the more theoretical recommendations of the Committee that we discern the greatest hope of saving. Cumulative economies of almost unbelievable extent will be achieved by the revision of our administrative theories on the lines suggested by the Committee.

One of the most interesting analyses in the last Geddes Report is the comparative table set out of the salaries current in the three services. An examination of this shows that the State is employing directly a total of 891,000 persons, of whom less than half are in the Civil Service. The total salaries for which the State is responsible amount to £227,000,000 as compared with £90,000,000 before the war. The country has thus an opportunity of seeing how thoroughly it is being bureaucratized and how heavy is the burden of cost. It also transpires that the fighting services are on the whole far more generously paid than the Civil Service. Seeing that the cost of living to civil servants is far more onerous than to the uniformed service, the entire question of Government salaries should be surveyed as a whole and put upon a more equitable basis. The salaries of the higher grades of the Civil Service are incredibly lower than those current for similar work and responsibility in any other posts in the country. If the service of the State is to be efficiently administered, we must put a premium on brains. This, the Geddes Committee, even when their temptation to the contrary was so great, have had the wisdom to recommend.

In view of the Lord Chancellor's recent utterances it would seem to be a fairly safe guide to the sentiments of the electorate to take his tips and then back another horse. On Thursday, in no sense discouraged by the previous reversal of his prognostications in regard to Labour, when two of the candidates of that party were

returned for what were previously Coalition seats within the space of a few days, he went so far on the eve of the Bodmin election as to "dismiss the ridiculous and futile antics of the Wee Free party with the contempt they and their policy deserve." However loudly and vituperatively Lord Birkenhead may denounce all his opponents as "traitors," "poltroons," and "cabin-boys," the fact remains that the Coalition is decidedly unpopular. It is quite evident that the constituencies would sooner be represented by opponents of the Coalition whatever their political hue, than by the gentlemen of "good-will" and "patriotism" who form the Board of Directors of the National concern which the Geddes Committee has shown to be bankrupt.

The crisis in the engineering and shipbuilding trades, which threatens to involve a million workers in idleness, turned originally on the interpretation of the agreement made in September, 1920, between the Amalgamated Engineering Union, on the one hand, and the Engineering and National Employers' Federation, on the other, turned, indeed, on the interpretation of the one word "necessary," it being provided that necessary overtime shall be worked for a stated number of hours only and in defined emergencies. The contention of the employers was that they alone should be the arbiters of "necessity," the Union insisting that the question should be determined by agreement. The dispute has continued since last April with varying intensity and on various grounds. In November the two parties came to an agreement, when the employers' interpretation was accepted, subject to the proviso that the workers' representatives should be entitled to bring forward any special case of overtime they desired to have discussed. On a ballot being taken, however, the men rejected the treaty that their representatives had negotiated. Then came a dispute about the reduction of the bonus payments, which is the actual cause of the present breach. Now that similar questions have been satisfactorily settled on the railways, where the workers have obtained some sort of democratic control of conditions affecting their work, we hope that a similar solution may be found in this case. This is not a political affair, and it must be recognized that industry must work out its own salvation.

IDEAL STATESMANSHIP

MR. LLOYD GEORGE has lost his courage and his nerve. He who, if he had not missed his obvious opportunity, might at this very moment have been leading his followers to electoral victory, now presents the miserable spectacle of a general being pushed into battle by Lord Birkenhead, his energetic subaltern. But battles are not won in this way. Fear and foreboding have been spreading like a rumour for months past amongst the rank and file. Those who have not joined the enemy have lost their faith in the leader. Meanwhile the opposing forces have been drilling and are full of hope. The Die-hards have grown daily in strength since the Liverpool Conference, but they have no great champion of their cause. The fate of Liberalism has therefore now overtaken the Conservative party, with this qualification: that whereas Liberalism was only split in two, Conservatism is now splintered into fragments. This is the inevitable end of Coalition Government. The country may or may not love coalitions, but in this case it will love the consequences still less. The present prospect before us seems to be a continental system of juntos and factions, following one another in rapid succession.

It would appear that Lord Birkenhead was right last week when he proclaimed that the Conservative party has not even a remote chance of securing by itself a predominance sufficient to entitle it to form an administration. Where are the leaders? Quarrelling among themselves. Without the support of the National

Liberals they cannot hope to succeed. Lord Birkenhead has definitely stated for what it is worth that if Sir George Younger succeeds in his plot to sever the two wings of the Coalition, he will show no quarter to Sir George and his Die-hards. He evidently has some hope that, if the services of the Prime Minister have to be dispensed with, he and Mr. Winston Churchill will find some means of perpetuating an attenuated Coalition. In this event the more obvious course would seem to be to effect a definite amalgamation between Lord Birkenhead's Conservatives and Mr. Churchill's Liberals. This would leave four parties in the House of almost equal strength, with perhaps a slight predominance in favour of the Birkenhead-Churchill Coalition. On the assumption that the Premier may be forced to resign, such a Coalition would be strong enough to carry the Irish Treaty through, especially as it would receive the support of Liberalism and Labour. But whatever Government follows a possible resignation of Mr. Lloyd George will not be able long to delay a General Election.

Here we are confronted with a more interesting series of speculations. The advent of Lord Gladstone as organizer of the Liberal Party has infused a fervour of enthusiasm into the blood of the party. There has, moreover, been a healthy supplement to the funds. There is certainly no dearth of Privy Councillors in the party. In fact they can present to the electorate an alternative Government composed of men who have held high ministerial office and of others who are well qualified for exalted positions. The prestige of Mr. Asquith and Lord Grey, the experience of Lord Buckmaster, Lord Crewe and Sir Donald MacLean, the knowledge of Sir John Simon and Mr. Runciman, the possible, though not probable, co-operation of Mr. McKenna, with the additional support of Mr. Hobhouse, Lord Islington and Captain Wedgwood-Benn—where is such an array as this to be found outside the ranks of the present Coalition? Even so, most of the soothsayers predict that without an alliance with Labour their forces would be insufficient to carry on the administration of the country. Yet this talk of an alliance between Liberalism and Labour, except for the purposes of electoral manœuvre, is quite absurd. What strength the Liberals have in the country reposes almost entirely in their appeal for economy. There is no party in the House which has identified itself without qualification with the Geddes Report, but the exceptions which the Liberals make in regard to education are more popular than the reservations made by the Conservatives in favour of the fighting services. If proof were needed it is to be found in the programme of the Municipal Reformers, who did not venture to suggest, even to the London ratepayers, a cutting down of the expenditure on education generally, but contented themselves with a recommendation that the London County Council should be put on a parallel footing with the rest of the country and allowed to suspend the Continuation Schools. Labour, on the other hand, goes into the constituencies with the avowed determination to disburse the taxpayer's money to relieve suffering wherever it may be found. Writing in a Sunday newspaper last week, Mr. Clynes, in a figurative phrase, claimed that the Labour party was the "Red Cross of Politics." To talk in these circumstances of a Coalition between Liberalism and Labour is to invite two parties of divergent and irreconcilable aims to unite in an artificial entity for the dishonourable purpose of enjoying office. If this is to be the alternative to the present Coalition, we would a thousand times rather see the present administration maintained. Unfortunately the whole political situation is clouded by the continuance of ancient party names, which do not enable us accurately to identify the views of their bearers. For our part, for instance, we can detect no possible ground of difference between Mr. Balfour and Mr. Asquith. They are almost the sole survivors in the present House of Commons of a great school of statcraft. They have both held the highest political office. They are

both instinctively disinclined to believe that policies and parties can change the face of the universe. They are both distrustful of motion. They are both men of philosophic judgment, of a broad tolerance. Their words can be believed. Their reputations are international. They represent in the present flux and turmoil that stability which is the greatest need of the hour. Yet the Liberals by their narrow stratagems seek to displace Mr. Asquith, a great Commoner, by Lord Grey, whose influence over and guidance of his party would be considerably diminished by his relegation to the Upper Chamber, and the Conservatives have ceased to allow Mr. Balfour to exercise that sway in his party to which by prescriptive right he is entitled. It is perhaps too much to hope that these men should join forces, but is it too much to hope that Mr. Lloyd George should adhere to the intention, which he is credited with having recently expressed, of advising the King to send for Mr. Balfour, in the event of his own administration collapsing? If the Conservative party in such a contingency showed no disposition to unite under so venerable a leader, then Mr. Asquith is obviously next in the providential order. We can think of no one else in the House of Commons who has the necessary qualities at this juncture to give a legislative pause to the country, that it may recover its normal perspective. There would be an additional advantage from the choice of either of these two statesmen. The House of Commons would recover its ancient dignity. The rules which should properly govern politics, as they govern every other art, would be observed once again. We owe it largely to the methods of the present administration that the subtle code of conduct which checks the brawling opportunist and restrains the political profiteer is in abeyance. Refinement and culture are treated as positive failings. Thus it is that those who are best qualified to direct the destinies of a nation are driven to pass their days in cloistral obscurity. If we seek from our representatives qualities which are alien to the character of a statesman, shall we be surprised if many of our ablest and most experienced administrators turn from political life with disgust? Happily there are still two men who stand out in relief from the vulgar background of the House of Commons. Both Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour, living representatives of a tradition which is swiftly passing away, fit with a delicate exactitude the picture of ideal statesmanship. What a welcome respite either of them would give the country from the noisy, opportunist and protean administration which has afflicted it since the signing of the Armistice!

GENOA ON TERMS

IT is now certain that the Genoa Conference will be held, though not on the date or quite in the manner envisaged by the Cannes decisions, nor yet on the date or quite with the limitations contained in M. Poincaré's Note. The meeting between the British and French Prime Ministers last week-end appears to have resulted in an agreement by which the Conference will take place on terms, Mr. Lloyd George abating so much as is necessary of the full Cannes programme and M. Poincaré withdrawing some of his more absolute objections to certain items in it. This decision to compromise is unreservedly to the credit of the two Ministers concerned; it is all the more likely to be fruitful because it is a victory for nobody except perhaps for the distinguished neutral statesman who is understood to have been the means of preparing the minds of each of the ministers to come into accord with that of the other.

The vital questions about Genoa are, first the date, then the extent to which Russia is to be allowed to participate, then the extent to which the treaties of peace are to be called in question (which means whether it is to deal with reparations), and finally the extent to which the League of Nations is to be implicated either in its proceedings or its consequences.

On the first of these points, the proposal that the Conference should meet on March 8 was clearly impossible. What is not yet sufficiently realized—and we doubt whether it has been clearly in the minds of the ministers themselves—is the unprecedented character of this conference. The plenary session of the Peace Conference mustered not more than 100 delegates, the full session of the Assembly of the League of Nations produces rather more than half as much again, but those who are responsible for the Genoa programme are talking of delegations which will amount to a Conference in the aggregate of 2,000 people. Preparations for an event of this kind simply cannot be made in the course of a few weeks. The Peace Conference was the result, so far as this country was concerned, of arduous though unobtrusive labour involving a whole staff of people and the use of a large building in London extending for the better part of two years. The Brussels Conference took over six months to prepare. In the face of these proceedings and in the face of the unsettled political state of Italy, to assume that it will be possible to hold a properly organized Conference on as early a date as March 8 is grotesque, and nobody but the Prime Minister, with his boundless belief in his own capacity for getting over impossibilities, would have dared to assume it. On the other hand M. Poincaré's date of three months hence, reasonable as it was from the point of view of practice, had a chilling effect on the minds of those enthusiasts who already saw in Genoa that regeneration of the world so frequently postponed since November 1918. We assume that the decision to postpone till April 10 means in fact a further adjournment, for no Italian Government, whatever its complexion, could possibly inaugurate or conduct a Conference in Holy Week. And we can safely predict that the Conference will not get going until the beginning of May.

So much for the date. The Russian difficulty appears to have been settled by a similar compromise. Whilst British policy was to admit the Soviet representatives without any previously implied conditions at all, M. Poincaré wished an undertaking which would have made their presence dependent on whether they were prepared to assume all the obligations of previous Russian Governments, financial and economic. The compromise consists in an agreement to admit the Soviet delegates to economic discussions in Genoa, but to defer their recognition as the rightful rulers of Russia until a Conference which will take into account their demeanour and engagements while the Genoa economic discussions are taking place. This seems to us to be a reasonable arrangement, but its success must depend very greatly on the character of the Russian delegation. With certain members of the Soviet Government we in Western Europe are thoroughly familiar; Krassin, Kameneff, Litvinoff, and Rothstein are more than mere names to us. So far as they are concerned we know the Soviet mind well enough. But we should not feel we were imputing any dishonesty to them if we say that we do not believe that they have power to bind the only essential force in Russia—which is the authority that resides in the Kremlin with Lenin at its head, and very rarely moves from it. The measure of the success, therefore, of the Russian part of the Genoa programme must depend on the weight of the men who take part in it. For the rest, it is now certain that there will be no discussion on reparations, but it cannot be too strongly stated that unless some previous or concurrent discussion on reparations settles this difficult matter once and for all, nothing that Genoa can do will surpass the unimpeachable but academic performance of Brussels. A practical solution of the problem of trade credit and exchange questions in Europe depend upon reparations and on nothing else, and though it may be right to say that it is not a proper subject for discussion at Genoa, Genoa depends absolutely on its thorough discussion and solution somewhere else. The extent to which the two Ministers agreed on the rôle to be played by the League of Nations in this matter remains ob-

scure. Apparently it has been decided that the League, if it does not participate in the decisions, should be given the responsibility of carrying at least some of them into practice. If the Genoa decisions are of substantial importance to Europe and if the future reconstruction of continental civilization depends on them, then a searching examination will be required into the present resources and organization of the League as a suitable body for the purpose.

LORD NORTHCLIFFE'S RETURN

IT is not to be wondered at that Lord Northcliffe, on his return from his very interesting and important world tour, has not received the welcome that he deserves. Whatever his own Press may say is naturally discounted. His rivals who, while feebly imitating his methods, profess to see in those methods the origin of all the woes that afflict our unhappy country, can hardly be expected to do more than grin and bite their nails, like Giant Pope in the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' It is all the more incumbent, therefore, on the few papers which, like ourselves, are truly independent of the subtle financial and political prejudices that colour so much of the journalism of our day, to estimate justly what seems to us a very earnest effort on Lord Northcliffe's part to do the British Empire a practical service. We will spare our readers the usual superior preamble as to the many things in which we do not see eye to eye with Lord Northcliffe. We prefer to come at once to the point; which is that, being in a position to wield immense influence for good or ill on the destinies of the country at this time, he has had the courage to leave the centre of action and of intrigue at a critical moment in our history, and take a large and quite laborious survey of the world situation from a score of vital points on the circumference; and, in doing so, to study on the spot the chief conditions and influences bearing on that situation. We would ask those of his critics who continually accuse him (among baser things) of irresponsibility and callousness concerning the best interests of his country, to realize how inconsistent is this enterprise of his with the conduct of the selfish and malignant person they represent him to be. To us it seems a creditable and intelligent enterprise, implying very real seriousness and sense of responsibility; and when we examine even its immediate fruits, we confess that we find them both useful and valuable.

Wherever he has gone, Lord Northcliffe has shown that he has an open mind. He did not go to expound his own views, but to study and learn. We have no doubt that, journeying in such a spirit, he has learned a great deal. His own newspapers have been the first to benefit by what he learned. On several matters, notably in reference to China and Japan, the views expressed in them underwent a rapid change in the direction of what we regard as accuracy and truth. In India, in Egypt, in Palestine, he manifested a very shrewd judgment; he saw things as they are, and not as, perhaps, he himself had believed them to be. In Australia he risked unpopularity by comprehending and confessing some unpalatable facts. Everywhere, as it seems to us, he honestly strove to see and understand the truth of things, as opposed to the possibly convenient or agreeable untruth of things; tried to replace vague suppositions with exact information, and to substitute knowledge for ignorance. This is, indeed, the duty of all earnest men; no man, however earnest, can do it completely; but how many men do it partially? For one in control of an organization which thunders forth daily, with a thousand tongues, what is alleged to be the fact of things, it is indeed a very manifest duty; and what we would say of Lord Northcliffe is that, in accordance with the measure of earnestness and ability with which he is equipped, he has honestly tried to perform that duty; and in doing so has deserved the gratitude and respect of citizens of the British Empire.

Writing as we do in the full knowledge that many readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW, whose opinions are valuable to us, will not share our estimate of Lord Northcliffe, we would say this: that whatever his faults may be he has shown himself, in the judgment of those who are capable of laying aside their own prejudices, tastes and preferences as to method, to be sincerely patriotic. People who think of him as a man pursuing sordid personal ends are singularly wrong. His great fortune, entirely of his own creation, which came to him quickly and happily while he was still young enough to have made its mere enjoyment a possible outlet for his great energies, has long placed him beyond the influence of material ambition. Through all these years his private life has been free from ostentation or vulgarity. He is gifted with a personal charm that, coupled with his fortune, would have made him an emperor of society; but he has left the social world quite alone, and the associates of his life, the people with whom he spends his time, have always been workers.

He has come to have a power which is quite too much for any one man to wield; which perhaps no man could wield wholly wisely; which he certainly has not always wielded wisely. No doubt he would lay a part of it down if he felt that he could honestly do so; but men are the slaves of their own machines. Nevertheless we owe it to such a man, as to smaller and weaker men, to be fair and just in our estimate of him; and we would say, separating the circumstances of which he is the result from the circumstances of which he may be said to be the cause, that the balance of his influence in this country, for good or ill, is very considerably on the side of good; that we look only for good as a result of his world-journey of study and enquiry; and that we welcome him on his return as one who has done the Empire and the world a service.

NEW SQUIRES ON THE LAND

WE all know that the hereditary acres of Britain are changing hands. In the four years, 1917-20, a single firm of estate agents in Hanover Square turned over an area equal to the five Home Counties of Bucks. and Beds., Middlesex, Herts. and Oxon. Imperial and local taxation, with income-tax and super-tax, have imposed so crushing a burden upon the old landed aristocracy that they are selling out wholesale. The Earl of Meath told his Wicklow tenants he had but £209 a year of free income when all outgoing were paid. The Marquis of Northampton declared that he was living on borrowed money. Then the Duke of Bedford published accounts showing that a 16,000 acre estate, with a rent-roll of £23,000, landed him in a net yearly loss of over £5,000. Lord Bledisloe is trying to save his ancestral home in Gloucestershire by means of practical farming. Lord Glanusk has closed his big house, and gone to live in a fishing cottage on the Wye.

Mansions in town and country, from Devonshire House to classic Stowe, near Buckingham, have long been empty. A squire like Sir Walter Gilbey gives advice to his "landed" peers—of whom one told the tax-collector to take his property over, since he could pay no more! So that agriculture is in a parlous plight, notwithstanding the warning of 1917, when the German submarines were sinking a million tons a month of our sea-borne supplies, and threatening us with a peace of duress and starvation. We import quite £600,000,000 worth of foodstuffs; and of this—according to Mr. Lloyd George—it should be possible to grow £150,000,000 worth here at home by a more intensive cultivation. Since 1870, 4,600,000 acres of arable land have fallen out of cultivation. War efforts restored 1,750,000 of these; but of late the same old land-languor has been manifest.

Meanwhile, over 700,000 acres of agricultural estates change hands every year. Who are the buyers? In

many cases tenant farmers who made their pile during the war, and in the two years succeeding the Armistice. More remarkable purchasers are the new landed gentry who now figure in Burke by the hundred. These men appear to have plenty of money. Has not one of them recently approached some Mount Street agents with a firm bid of half a million sterling for the ideal estate? These people call upon the agents to enquire for "an historic home"—often without any 'h.'s in their speech. In many instances their women-folk have no country instincts whatever. Quite likely this social climber was once a suburban dweller of the comfortable class. He had a tidy business, and dwelt in Putney, or Hampstead, keeping three or four servants. Suddenly the fortunes of the family soared, and ambition soared as well. He was soon bidding for a grand estate—a proud manorial place in a deer-park, with woodlands and well-stocked coverts. In a word, he of Putney now aspired to county "dignities and rents"; to the patronage of rural livings, with tame parsons of his own calling at the Hall. To the position of M.F.H. also, and lord of broad acres, with houses and cottages and farms. . . . In due time the hammer falls in a luxurious domed sanctum of Hanover Square. This Castle or that Court is now His or Mers. Alas, those moneyed Putneyites little know what they let themselves in for, as they turned the Book of Information—a sumptuous edition of, say, 500 copies, which alone may have cost £1,200.

I know a noble Scottish castle which was toyed with by the new owner for only two years. Then that disillusioned tradesman called upon the agent again; and once more that awesome abode was on offer. Its last owner was thoroughly scared at the Niagara of outgoings. Thus, repairs to a thatched cottage cost eight years' rent! So the landed estate was found to be a very costly luxury, at which even the sudden war-fortune shied. Then She—the wife of that "plute"—found that she needed not three or four, but thirty or forty highly-trained servants. Household accounts now called for the service of a steward, and a clerical staff that was a counting house in miniature. County greatness chilled into a disappointment that crept like an insidious eruption upon Him and Her. I lately saw a man who looked like an ex-mill-foreman bidding quietly for a magnificent home at £120,000.

"Now I must go down Bond Street," the old fellow told the room after the ivory hammer fell. "I must get some pearls for the wife. . . ."

"I saw that poor woman downstairs," the estate-agent told me afterwards, "and believe me—I was sorry for the pearls!"

Barely a month later the bidder for — Park was seen roving idly in those same auction-rooms.

"Hullo!" said the Senior Partner. "What are you doing here?"

"Just seeing what else you've got," was the spiritless reply.

"I suppose you're settling down at — Park?"

"We've been tryin' to," was the curt reply. "We 'aven't moved in yet. . . ." "Fact is," the man of money blurted out at last, "I'm goin' to ask you to resell — Park."

That business-like person had been taking stock of his liabilities in his new acquisition. They were altogether too "thick," he decided. The land would leave even his fat "wad" pretty limp. So here he was, selling out before he (and She) had even got in to that hill-top mansion. This is an exceptional case; but undoubtedly the new squires are woefully disappointed at their new estate in the squirearchy. The parson and his lady eye the intruders curiously. Hodge and the village tradesmen still prefer the "quality"—even though the new man spends more money, and subscribes far more liberally to the football clubs, flower-shows, nursing associations, and the like.

These social changes on the land are not altogether an unmixed evil. It is demonstrated to the new owners that the class they have dispossessed carried intolerable

burdens with dignity to the last. It grows plainer also to many that a return of 2s. 7d. in the pound out of land, whilst the funds (less income-tax) return 10s. at least, is an economic anomaly which is very bad for an island nation, whose people have long ago changed agriculture for industry, and now bring four-fifths of their bread-stuffs overseas.

Will the old order of squires be reinstated? Perhaps not in our day. Labour has an agricultural programme of its own, with the landlord abolished, with the workers in Soviet control, and with 50s. provided as a minimum wage for the rural hand.

Well, Labour may one day have a chance of putting its theories to the test. It is safe to assume that in such event, Labour itself will learn new lessons about the land, much as the new order of moneyed squires have learned their lessons in the awesome seclusion of a stately "Hall."

W. G. G.

THE ÆSTHETICS OF THE DROP-SCENE

BY TANCRED BORENIUS

PERHAPS there exists a volume on the subject—I can see its title, in grave and cumbrous German, 'Zur Kunstgeschichte des Theatervorhangs'—but if so, it has never come my way. And in these days, when critics and historians without respite dog the footsteps of artists in all ages and all directions, it would indeed be a relief to feel that everything has not yet been catalogued and indexed, and that there are still some uncharted lands in the free domain of art.

Nevertheless, I can well imagine that a very interesting and a very readable book could be written on the drop-scene *à travers les âges*; and one point which it would be bound to illustrate with great circumstance would be that ever-present and irrepressible desire to throw a cloak of romance over the aspects of every-day life. A type of drop-scene which illustrates this point with particular clearness is one which I suspect to be or to have been a very favourite one all the world over in provincial 'Temples of the Muses,' so often, and especially in Italy, planned on a scale of magnificence entirely out of proportion to their local surroundings. In the drop-scenes of this class some familiar passage of local scenery is interpolated into a setting which in its main features is of very heroic and romantic character. A typical example of this category lingers in my memory from my childhood's theatre in a Finnish county capital: a foreground in which motives of palatial architecture took one to the villas of Rome and Frascati: and in the background, quite incongruously, the homely, typically northern silhouette of the town itself. Cases of a kindred character are those in which a definite historical allusion governs the artist's conception—as, for instance, in the drop-scene of the Gaiety Theatre, with its glimpse of the old Gaiety in the narrow opening between the heavy painted curtains of the drop-scene; and, again, those in which some historic event of local significance is presented in accents of sonorous rhetoric. Here I should like to quote the instance of a theatre in Umbria into which I once drifted on an idle summer's evening—the theatre of Spoleto (proudly but justly named "Teatro Massimo") where the defeat of Hannibal and the Carthaginian army at the foot of the boldly silhouetted Rocca of Spoleto, had supplied the theme for a huge and marvellously effective *sipario*. What a magnificent word that, by the way, with its immediate suggestion of Imperial Roman ancestry!

The figured drop-scene is, of course, the one which is of greatest interest from the point of view of artistic psychology: but alongside of it there exists, well known to all of us, another widely diffused type, namely, that which transforms the drop-scene into a curtain of great sumptuousness: and it often shows a decorative imagination of a very remarkable order, which in such case revels in gorgeous brocades, heavy gold fringes

and enormous tassels. The drop-scenes of this type are, of course, the direct forerunners of the very banal curtains in "art shades" which now seem to be inevitable in all re-decorated and freshly appointed theatres. In one case especially do I look upon the advent of a curtain of this type with very keen regret: in the case of the drop-scene which until some ten years ago was in use at the Alhambra. Most of those who used to frequent that home of the ballet in those days—the days of 'Paquita' and 'Pique-Dame'—will doubtless without difficulty be able to recall the scene depicted on the drop-scene in question: a gorgeous setting of architecture, with arcades of soaring height opening towards other double-storied and arcaded halls; in the centre foreground, a broad and majestic flight of steps, sharply bent in the middle, and descending it a slim young prince, in black, surrounded by a crowd of odalisques rushing forward in Bacchic frenzy and with terrific boldness of movement. The striking lines of the composition got graven on my mind, but I never cared to enquire about the origin of this work until one day I found myself examining a series of drawings and engravings by the artists of the Bibiena family—Italian stage designers working in succession from the beginning of the seventeenth century to the end of the eighteenth. A most interesting portfolio of their designs was issued a few years ago in Milan by Sig. Conrado Ricci. Here among Giuseppe Bibiena's 'Architettura and Prospettive,' published at Augsburg in 1740, I suddenly came across the whole of the magnificent architectural composition of the old Alhambra drop-scene, corresponding line for line, with this important difference, however, that where the Alhambra curtain had showed the young prince with his gay and riotous retinue, the Bibiena print showed Christ being taken out to be crucified—the design being, in fact, one of eight for the Passion play, which in the eighteenth century was performed annually in the rooms of the Hofburg at Vienna. The Alhambra drop-scene was quite a modern production: but how interesting to find in it this incontrovertible evidence of the survival among stage painters of the tradition, created centuries ago, by the members of that remarkable dynasty of stage designers, whose work, little known to the outside world, we may suppose to be familiar, through some sort of freemasonry, to the most recent practitioners of the craft of stage designing and stage painting. It deserves to be recorded in this connection that many of the wonderful palatial interiors which London lately had the opportunity of admiring in M. Diaghileff's production of the 'Sleeping Princess,' show well the magnificent use to which M. Bakst was able to put inspiration derived from the designs of the Bibienas.

It is perhaps possible to speak of a Renaissance of the drop-scene at the present moment: and here again we can couple the name of M. Diaghileff with certain remarkable developments. In several of his recent productions, designed by some of the foremost figures in contemporary art, a desire to achieve the greatest possible completeness of impression has led to the inclusion into the artist's design of a special drop-scene: and we can all bear witness, from our own experience, how much it has meant for the creation of the right atmosphere to be confronted, say, with M. Derain's or M. Picasso's drop-scenes at the beginning of the 'Boutique Fantasque' and the 'Chapeau Tricorne.' The ephemeralness of stage decorations is something one has inevitably got resigned to: as for the painted drop-scene, being essentially a picture like any other, one may feel some desire to claim for it a longer existence. But far be it from me to suggest a museum of drop-scenes—and the practical difficulty is not the only or the chief one of which I am thinking. To imprison Italian altarpieces and Dutch cabinet pictures in commonplace picture galleries is bad enough; but I could think of no more drastic and unnatural an amputation of a living organism than severing a drop-scene from the surroundings among which it has its proper function,

THE ART OF CHALIAPINE

By E. A. BAUGHAN

FEDOR IVANOVITCH CHALIAPINE is an astonishing artist. His thrilling singing and acting in the Russian operas on the eve of the war hypnotized all London. The fame of his singing then does not account, however, for the hysterical enthusiasm aroused by his recent concert recitals. It has been even more unbridled than the wildest enthusiasm aroused by Pachmann or Paderewski in the old days of St. James's Hall. There does not seem much inspiration for enthusiasm at the Albert Hall. Its atmosphere is impersonal, almost austere. You cannot hear any music there with intimate delight, and it is not possible for an artist to impress his personality on his audience as a whole. Yet that is what Chaliapine apparently achieved. People high up in the gallery waved their handkerchiefs and programmes with as much energy as those who were close to the singer. If he had sung music that is known to be popular one could have understood the enthusiasm, but at the recital I attended he was heard in a number of Russian songs which had nothing to commend them except that they provided a neutral medium for the expression of dramatic feeling. I had the idea that if Chaliapine were musician enough to extemporize he would make even a greater effect, for in the more neutral songs, from a musical point of view, he made his greatest successes. Of the genuineness of that success there can be no doubt whatever. It would be easy enough to brush aside his effect on the audience as a thing of no moment, but, though the mentality of a crowd as a whole cannot be above its average, it will not do to sneer at popular enthusiasm. There must be some good reason why this Russian singer in dull Russian songs can move an audience so profoundly.

One reason, and perhaps the chief, is that Chaliapine is an impressive figure of a man—tall above the common, exuberant, and not a bit like a singer. The ordinary concert vocalist (the word suits him) is nothing more than a sleek, shining instrument. He is just a medium for the expression of the music. However well he may sing he cannot arouse personal enthusiasm. Indeed, if we are to appraise him justly as a singer we have to look away from him. Chaliapine, on the contrary, attracts all eyes to himself. He has none of the professional singer's mannerisms, but sings to his audience as if they were his friends and guests. Merely to look at him is to be impressed by his big simplicity. If he were on the platform to deliver a speech on some dry question of economics we should be prepared to listen with interest. Probably he is so good an actor that he has purposely created Chaliapine the concert-singer who does not look like one. He has the unnatural absence of self-consciousness which can only be achieved by training and experience, and is really a kind of super concentration on self. Therefore Chaliapine the public man makes us ready to listen to Chaliapine the artist, and he has many great gifts as artist. The voice, when it is in good form, has a very individual quality and is capable of a great range of expression. He is quite as good in comic songs, such as Moussorgsky's 'Song of the Flea,' and Dargomizhsky's 'The Miller' and 'The Government Clerk,' as in tragedy. His hold over the public is that he is not primarily concerned with the music he sings but with the emotion of the verse. That is the very opposite to the method of most concert singers. Years ago Madame Antoinette Sterling made the same appeal. She sang only very simple ballads, and did not sing them really well from a musical point of view, but she was so intent on their sentiment that she made a great effect. Later in her career she became exaggerated. She had made a histrionic figure of herself and (or so it seemed) acted it. Here and there Chaliapine gave me the impression of going the same way. His very choice of songs will gradually increase his tendency to histrionic exaggeration. They call for but little else. When he sings something that has real musical value, such as

Schumann's 'The Two Grenadiers,' he loses the musical expression in his desire to make the most of the dramatic. That is not really necessary, as other great artists have proved over and over again.

An ordinary audience is naturally impressed by Chaliapine's dramatic power. It has no standard of judgment. Jean de Reszke in the third act of 'Tristan,' Ternina in the 'Liebestod,' and Caruso in the big aria of 'I Pagliacci' (I make a catholic selection) are either forgotten or have not been heard by the bulk of a modern audience. A remembrance of those great artists and of others, such as Hentschel, Wüllner, and Van Rooy, who sang dramatic *lieder* to perfection, makes one a little diffident of endorsing the popular enthusiasm for Chaliapine. One has yet to hear him in songs or operatic arias which demand that dramatic and musical expression should be welded into a whole. It is one thing to sing that Russian music which has no intrinsic musical value, and quite another to sing music which is music. The artist's problem is much more complex.* Yet, strangely enough, the very qualities that make Chaliapine impress his public were possessed by the great singers of the past. Caruso did not become famous merely from the sheer beauty of his voice but also from the intense dramatic energy of his singing. It was the same with Calvé, Ternina and the two De Reszkes, and with all the great artists except those who relied entirely on *coloratura* singing. Chaliapine does nothing that they did not do, but they did not sing songs which depend on drama in the crude. They had not merely to be dramatic but to be so within the prescribed limits of the music. It is doubtful if Chaliapine could be that. At least I have never heard him in any opera or song in which dramatic expression was at all hampered by the exigencies of music. The public likes the drama of his singing, of course, for it should be, but unfortunately is not, the inspiration of all singing, but to acclaim him as he was acclaimed the other night at the Albert Hall seems to me only possible to those who have no standard by which they can judge the art of singing. On the opera stage he is great as an actor, in voice, gesture and bearing alike, but he has not yet done in the concert-room anything that even approaches his work in 'Boris Goudonov' on the stage, and in the other Russian operas in which he has appeared in London. Possibly there may be a third reason for his popular success. The very artlessness of the Russian songs he sings and their supine pessimism appeal to a mood of the moment. It happens to be a fashion for which some profound reason might be found, but, whatever else it may be, it is not a fashion for great art.

SOME SUCCESSFUL PLAYS

By JAMES AGATE

NOTHING is so black as it is painted, not even the London theatre. I imagine that it would have been possible, during the past auspicious week, to do the honours of our popular successes, say to some educated Frenchman, and yet not endanger the national prestige.

Take, for instance, 'The Faithful Heart' (Comedy Theatre). My readers remember the story, how the sailor left his sweetheart to die in childbirth, how twenty years later his little daughter sought him out and weaned him from his modish mistress, how together they took the seas. Mr. Monckton Hoffe explores this matter of belated responsibility unflinchingly, up to a point. His sailor, now grown into a colonel, admits that he has utterly forgotten his early love. This rings true and it looks, when the forgetfulness is insisted upon, as though for once in a way the theatre is not going to blink the facts. And then Mr. Hoffe's courage deserts him. The conflict, which should have been between a position in Society with a wife after his heart and beggary with some commonplace little stray, turns out to be no conflict at all. One woman is a virago,

although with touches of an Ibsenite idealism, the other the tenderest little waif that ever tugged at a heart-string. The ex-sailor's plea for sympathy is bare-faced humbug. With the tears coursing down his nose of injured innocence he chooses the jollier part, which is not even exile. In his heart of hearts he knows himself well rid of that domineering, loveless snob and even better rid of that staff-job at the War Office. The deck of a tramp-steamer is his natural home. Why he should pull such a long face about it I could not divine, whilst the rest of the audience was apparently too greatly pre-occupied to enquire. They were all, as our William says of Doll, "blubbered." Yet the play is a good play, theatrically considered. There is an admirable curtain to the first act, the weeping girl gazing through the windy casement at the harbour lights, the ship's siren blowing, the musical-box adding its wistful note. It is good play-writing which repeats the scene twenty years later, departing ship, siren and crazy tinkle, binding the new sentiment to the old in a coda of twilight and memory. It is the veil of a re-awakened, true emotion, and the beautifully conveyed sense of the sadness of passing years which blinds the audience to the falsity of the present conclusion. That, and the acting of Miss Mary Odette. Conceivably you doubted the wisdom of acclaiming this little lady a great actress; she showed a certain inexperience. Yet she had astonishing pathos, the apparent result of a directness of feeling to confound your theories about the paradox of the actor. She brought off what Thomas Hardy and Maupassant achieved in Avice and Annette: the survival of the mother in the frail slip of the daughter. I do not mean the containment of one in the other, but that you looked through the daughter to some wraith of an earlier spirit, for whom you came to ache more and more as the play went on so that at the end the stage was desolate, not of a new sadness, but of an earlier melancholy. As the lover Mr. Godfrey Tearle will not quite do. He has a brave assumption of boyishness as the sailor; his colonel is a poseur and the teeniest bit of a bore. And I really think that if I visit the play again it will be for the sake of the immortal Gatterscombe, dubious goddess of the bar-parlour, entrenching her virtue behind a *cheval de frise* of condescension and black satin. There was the real comic spirit in the stress, shear and tangential, of that urgent bosom. I beg Miss Ruth Maitland to accept my respectful homage.

'The Sign on the Door' (Playhouse) is redeemed by yet another of Mr. Leslie Faber's urbane villains. The rest is mere loquacity and American detectives. The play is a warning to wives who are unable to tell the truth when it is harmless, or to refrain from lies when they are damaging, and to those obstinately right-minded husbands who will not listen even to unreason. Between them they inflict a good deal of entertainment. Mr. George Tully is admirably dense, and Miss Gladys Cooper makes up for not becoming lovelier to look upon, which was not possible, by becoming a much better actress to watch, which was. Perhaps her big scene lacks the gibbering intensity that Miss Thorndike would doubtless use. If a part is one to tear a cat in, the cat must be torn and "all split," as that great player, Bully Bottom, recognized.

Sir Charles Hawtrey is funny in 'Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure' (Criterion), for just so long as he is not a pirate. The handkerchief in the pocket of a dinner-jacket and not the Jolly Roger is his flag. He is magnificent in comic opposition, the creature of comfort confronted, finger in mouth, with the heroic: a figure of good-nature and bewilderment, aghast at the unseemliness, almost ill-breeding, of catastrophe. Spies and highwaymen battering at these normal senses are as inconceivable as earthquakes or the sounding of the last trumpet. But Sir Charles should keep the romantic in the offing; it is a vessel he may not board. He was admirably helped by Miss Marion Lorne, whose countenance in this play is a map of ridiculous conjecture, the voice a preposterous echo.

I will not hazard what my Frenchman would have thought of 'The Rise of Silas Lapham' (Lyric Theatre) since, after all, neither France nor we are at war with America, and Mr. Hackett, who played this New England César Biotteau, is a distinguished visitor. Recollection of his Macbeth plucks from my mind a portrait of a shambling sentimental senile dolt which, whilst over-calculated and over-eager, failed of both humour and pathos. Only the lambent flicker of Miss Vivian Rees's art made the afternoon bearable.

After this interlude I should have taken my distinguished foreigner to see 'Mixed Marriage' (Ambassadors). Here is a little masterpiece of observation and craftsmanship. It is beside the point that nobody outside Bedlam should, logically, be concerned with anybody else's religious belief except his own. On this score the whole world is insane. It is, apparently, a weakness inherent in the human mind interminably to dispute the one matter in which argument is of no avail. Mr. St. John Ervine might have taken sides; he is as free from bias as an undertaker's horse. Just as in Roman Catholic countries that sad animal wears his pall on his right flank or his left according as he is the off horse or the near, or in Protestant communities is content to go opinionless as God made him, so Mr. Ervine indifferently rages with the father, or is mute with the sons. He points no tedious moral. He is not even impatient with his old bigot preaching a united Ireland and banning a marriage between individuals. The girl dies with the bitter nonsense on her lips that she is fitly punished for not sacrificing her lover for her country—yet another statement of the pernicious theory that you can make collective happiness out of discontented individuals. Over the girl's body the old man has an equally wicked "I was right." These people are all wrong; their drama is magnificent. Chorus, in the person of the old wife laying her head on her husband's bosom saying "You poor old man," alone has wisdom. It is an extraordinarily perfect little play and was quite perfectly acted. Mr. Desmond O'Donovan's younger son was beautifully but physically dumb; in the older boy's soul a hundred emotions welled up and came to no words. It was a fine and intensely moving piece of acting on the part of Mr. Parker Lynch. Comment on the old people of Miss Sara Allgood and Mr. Fred O'Donovan is unnecessary. This Irish acting, conducted like the best French at a tremendous speed, has the double quality of quickening the mind to its highest power of critical perception and of lulling it to the illusion of real life. During this performance I was very little at the Ambassadors and very much in Ireland. 'Riders to the Sea' preceded, but did not over-shadow, this admirable play.

Correspondence

THE NEGRO NOVELIST

(FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT)

I LONG ago made a rule never to read a novel unless three months after its publication it was still mentioned in the daily press. In accordance with this rule, and seeing that almost every day during the week just past the *Temps* published news, articles or letters concerning 'Batouala,' I extricated the novel of M. René Maran from a confusion of other yellow paper volumes and read it.

Four months ago 'Batouala' was awarded the prix Goncourt, a great distinction and a wonderful advertisement, and immediately a fusillade of articles for or against the book began first in the literary reviews, then in the daily newspapers. The Goncourt academicians had always preferred strangeness to real distinction; twenty years after Zola's last successes they still affected the literary formula of naturalism; they were not afraid of what the average reader still calls immorality either, rather favoured it; finally their partiality for such a book as 'Le Feu,' by Barbusse, at such a date as 1917, showed that even the war had not been able to

shake off their old belief, acquired towards 1895, that literature as well as philosophy ought to be above patriotism. Probably they would have been less inclined to give their five thousand francs—once enough money for a year in Rome or in Southern Spain—to M. René Maran, if he had not been a coloured man; probably, too, his views on the management or mismanagement of Central Africa by French administrators had flattered the ten academicians' taste for a little scandal. For it was soon rumoured that this negro-writer, himself employed as a French official in Congo, had indulged in startling revelations concerning the doings of the whites in the regions where he had lived. In the first article concerning 'Batouala' that I clipped, M. Paul Souday, the well-known reviewer on the *Temps*, charged the author with illogicality for blaming the whites' attitude in his preface and then painting the natives in such black colours that they lost all their claims on the reader's sympathies. To add to what gradually became a real scandal, a member of the Chamber of Deputies, M. de Lastours, officially stated his intention of questioning the Minister of Colonies concerning M. Maran: if what this writer had said on the subject of the Congo was true, the higher officials in this colony ought to be impeached; if it was false, M. Maran ought to lose his job.

Well, I read 'Batouala,' and it is not a very good book, nor, judging by the standards fixed at the time of Zola, is it what Mr. Chesterton calls a good bad book. Anybody with the chances offered by the subject and the surroundings might easily have beaten M. Maran at indecency and made 'Batouala' a first-rate bad book, which it is far from being. The author describes his work as a portfolio of selected etchings, to be followed by others more vitriolic. I do not think the phrase describes 'Batouala' accurately. The book impressed me much more as a rather disconnected film, blurred in many places and almost constantly emitting tiresome sparks produced by an unbearable sprinkling of queer native words to describe objects that are not by any means specifically African. The scenery is there certainly, a dale between three *kagas*, that is to say hills, not far from a mighty river with a marshy forest somewhere and the parched bush in another direction. The preface speaks of starving negroes, but the book shows nothing but plenty: plenty of game, plenty of fish, and plenty of wives—Batouala has eight—with no corresponding duties and a universal gambolling of whatever is alive between those three *kagas*. The days are hot, the nights are cold, the *foufouros* sting, everybody is very dirty, but everybody seems to be very tolerably happy. Only once, when he is drunk with absinthe, Batouala, or another gambolling figure, complains of the whites and declares in an offhand manner that it would be fun to massacre them, but all the murdering we actually see is limited to a *crime passionnel* and is not even convincing at that. There are a few theological conversations in which Dolly Winthrop could mix without much preparation and a few economic conversations about the flatness of rubber transactions in which we might all of us share at once; there is a dinner, a dance, such as you would expect, and a hunting party, during which a *mourou* scratches Batouala to death. That is about all. In spite of the lingo, and of the allusive, elusive style and shimmering effect of a good many pages, the book leaves you under no particularly African impression. I reached down Chateaubriand's 'Atala' and skimmed through it: how much more Indian this booklet is than M. Maran's 'Batouala' is Congolese! Yet Chateaubriand had only seen Indians as anybody can see them to-day round a railway station in New Mexico; perhaps he had not seen them at all. Then I opened the report in which M. Joseph Joffre, lieutenant-colonel in the Engineers, described his march to Timbuctoo, up—or is it down?—the Niger. An engineer's report, as dry and matter-of-fact as was ever written. Yet why does it give the reader so much more African an impression than the exceedingly literary 'Batouala'? What

magic is attached to a few notes in which the future Marshal characterizes this or that tribe of *religieux pasteurs*? M. Maran has seen so much and he has seen it so long that he has forgotten the secret of feeling. No masterpieces are created in that way.

As for the scandalous side of 'Batouala,' I honestly confess that I do not see it, nor do I think that M. Maran is illogical. M. Gratien Candace, a Socialist member of the Chamber, himself a negro, but a man of rare dignity and ability, whom everybody respects, took the trouble to defend, in an excellent letter to the Press, the black man's capacity for reasoning. I am entirely on his side. M. René Maran says in his preface that colonial administration is often given up to people inferior to their task. Who can be surprised? Who is it that with some experience of colonial life does not know that it seldom is uplifting and that the missionary himself is not always proof against its demoralizing influence? Then in his novel M. Maran describes his congeners as not being in any way superior to white men. Where is the illogicality? A colonial official who drinks absinthe is apt to become in the tropics a worse brute than he would be at Marseilles; a negro who drinks the same stuff will do very ugly things. All this is logic itself, and if M. Maran should be punished by his chiefs for showing it, the fault will not be on the side of literature.

ENGLAND REVISITED

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT)

TO one who in the last ten years has wandered from the Indian Frontier to Quebec, a return to England is like coming to an unknown world. Nor are the changed conditions confined to high prices, increased taxation, the loss of innumerable amenities and the coming of motor traffic. These are common to all mankind. The character of the people seems to have entirely altered.

Ten years ago, England seemed pulsing with life. There were not wanting, indeed, critics who held that it would take a great war to wake her up. But then, as compared with to-day, outside Government circles men were proud of the Empire: politics were real issues and intelligently discussed: and whilst strikes were not uncommon, England was normally like a beehive, and men had not lost the joy of work.

Now the Great War has come and gone. Instead of being wakened up, the English have become oriental in their fatalism. Great issues are constantly arising, such as a decade ago would have shaken the nation. Now they are dealt with by a few men, and the public does not care. Policies have been initiated which may lead to the destruction of the Empire and the dismemberment of the United Kingdom. The people are unmoved. In a way they are proud of the Empire and of its magnificent help in the war: but at the moment it means no more to them than the planet Mars. In some mysterious way they look to the Government to deliver them from all difficulties and to patch up all differences. Then when the bills are presented they blame the Government, and if they can be induced to vote at all, by way of protest against extravagance, they often support a party which, judged by its record elsewhere, would cheerfully treble expenditure if in power. Nor is this indifference confined to high politics. Municipal elections and trade union meetings all tell the same tale. The vast majority are apathetic.

If this meant that Englishmen were content to go on with their work, independent of Government subventions, there would be much to be said for the attitude. But unfortunately many have no wish to work at all, and seem to expect Government aid at every turn. The coming of the cinema has revolutionized social life, and driven the drama from many of the provincial towns. The craving for amusement and variety has certainly grown, and the forms of it now popular seem to have unsettled not merely the past but the rising

generation. While there is much to be said for brightening people's lives, one has an uneasy feeling that some of the tendencies now common marked the last days of declining Rome. If the Press is to be taken as a mirror of what the populace likes, the change is certainly for the worse. Gone are the days of sturdy independence of thought. A Coalition Government controls a large part not merely of the metropolitan but of the provincial Press. Big financiers and moneyed interests wield a dangerous power. Propaganda takes the place of facts. Views predominant ten years ago can now scarcely get a hearing. What will please seems the chief pre-occupation of many writers, and nervous sentimentalism is substituted for reasoned arguments. If one wants a fair account of some of the issues at stake, it would be more easily found in the *New York Times* than in any English newspaper. The net result is that the electors believe nothing they read, and with the lightning changes of government and most of the Press alike, they have now no adequate means of forming any judgment.

The most striking change, however, is the decay of interest or trust in Parliament—due it may be to the fact that it is now virtually a nominated body, and far from representative of the brains or *virtus* of the nation. The passing of the Party System seems to have left both Press and Parliament in chaos, and whilst few want a return to the old barren fights, they would welcome the emergence of a government which administered on intelligible principles and of an opposition competent to criticize it. The old governing classes have ceased to exert any real influence. In the country, estates are rapidly passing into the hands of men who lack the old traditions. Vast new masses of voters, men and women, are ignorant of their responsibilities, and know not what they mean. Saddest of all to one conscious of England's mightiest achievement—her sending forth to every continent pioneers to carry on her Imperial Mission—is the failure now to realize our obligations. Men apologize for the British Empire, and invent long phrases to conceal its existence. Yet it was our greatest title to fame, almost the one thing that redeemed us from being dull, insignificant islanders. And it were tragic indeed if it went down, not amid the clash of war, but in an ocean of phrases, when a little courage would have saved it.

The strikes of the last few years and their legacy of increasing unemployment complete the sadness of the returned wanderer. And yet the impression is not all gloom. The charms of the English countryside are still unaltered, and London is still the heart of things, preferable to the bustle of New York or the monotony of Tokyo. There is an atmosphere of greater friendliness than of yore. Movements such as the Boy Scouts are full of promise for the future. In the schools there is a new spirit of interest, and though its immediate results are criticized, it can scarcely be gainsaid by those who take the trouble to go and see for themselves that English education is getting out of the old ruts. In the universities there is a seriousness of purpose never seen before, an impatience with old shibboleths. A regimental reunion reveals the fact that the spirit which astonished the world but a few years ago still exists. The paralysis of the war may still be upon us, but the demeanour of the crowds as they pass the Cenotaph indicates that, underneath, it has not left us unmoved. If our indifference is at the moment alarming, the splendid stoicism shown by all classes in times of great domestic anxiety was to an observer from abroad simply amazing. Already the holiday mood is passing, and given trusted leaders with a call to honest work, and a Press which set out to enlighten the masses, the English people would soon respond. But if neither Government, Press nor Parliament has time to think, if we continue to live in a world of illusion, comforted by pious phrases and ignoring unpleasant facts, each following the latest fancy, we may soon lose all our heritage abroad, and at home be at the mercy of a bureaucratic tyranny.

NATURE AND COUNTRY LIFE

BY A WOODMAN

These sketches, which will appear serially in the SATURDAY REVIEW, are the work of a farm and forest labourer whose opportunities for gaining knowledge since he left school at the age of eight have been limited to the world of fields and woods. From his own rough notes and with the aid of his wife, who, fortunately, is an excellent penwoman, the fair copy was made by him in his scanty leisure; and with the exception of the very slightest editorial touches from the friend to whom he first showed them they remain as he wrote them.

III. THE HAUNT OF THE OTTER

MOST creatures of the wild spend their lives among beautiful surroundings; and the otter (a near relation, I am told, to the weasel and stoat tribe) perhaps of all the wildings dwells most constantly amongst the loveliest scenery.

Picture to yourself lovely stretches of the winding river fringed with rush and sedge, the haunt of the heron and the home of the moorhen; a deep pool formed by the backwash of the water after coming through the flood-gates; I can see the old mill, to which the flour dust of many years has given a silvery tint, set in some noble elm trees—and there you have a study of the haunt and home of one of our most beautiful and harmless creatures of the wild.

An old pollard willow has fallen into the pool, which is fringed on three sides with sedges in which the sedge-warbler sings to the accompanying tap, tap, tap, of the green woodpecker in the elms, and the drumming of a snipe overhead. Here on a bright May morning could be seen the otter at play. People who have never seen creatures of the wild enjoying their natural freedom have no idea what this and many other sights are like. Tired of play, they commence their toilet and heed not a kingfisher that flashes past in the morning sun.

But let a blackbird utter his warning note, or a water-vole fall into the pool with a plop, and the otters have vanished like a dream.

Under a large alder tree, fringed at its base with willow of low growth, and growing on one side of the pool, was their "holt." The roots washed bare by many floods formed a network at the entrance. Poor otter! what a lot of crime is laid to his charge that he is not guilty of. "Bless yer heart," the old miller said, "they otters ha' bin there for years, and there they can bide for all the harm they does: we loses a duckling or two, but us knows where they be gone to, they snouters (pike), drat 'em, bean't at all per-tickler." He, like many others, had seen moorhens disappear in a swirl of water and a glint of silver.

About a quarter of a mile from this lovely spot is a small osier bed thick with aquatic grasses; and here at the proper season of the year, as the wild duck passed over on whistling pinions, could be seen the dam with an eel in her mouth, its belly glistening in the moonlight like burnished silver, climbing up the bank to her cubs. From here the river passes through long stretches of fertile meadowland and osier beds (the otter's favourite hunting-place) till it reaches a spot where the air once resounded with the sweet singing of the human voice and the clicking of looms as the shuttle sped backwards and forwards. Many times in my boyhood days I have listened to those sounds; sometimes the singing was a hymn, at others an old English ballad, but it sounded sweetly over the water at this lovely place. The village was two miles away and hidden by the rising ground.

But time brings many changes; and all that now remains of a once busy silk-mill is the old water-wheel, encrusted with moss and ferns and nearly overgrown with riverside tangle.

As I write this there comes before me the picture of a youth, bare-legged, catching fish with his hands under the ledges formed by the water swirling under the foundations of the bridge, and throwing them out on a bright gravel scour, where a yellow wagtail was running about catching flies. "Rank poaching," you will say. Yes, but remember, where then he could fish and wander as

he liked when a boy, now ugly notice boards warn him that to fish, or trespass, is a crime that he must pay for. No wonder he would catch fish in this manner, for he had loved the river and its surroundings from early childhood. True, I can still follow the footpath, but the chief thing, freedom, is gone. And when now I occasionally stroll along there, when all Nature is awakening, or when the mist rises and falls over the surface of the water, it is only natural that I should wish for the time when I first saw the otters, on the old willow in that quiet pool, and heard the click-clacking of that old water-wheel, now silent for evermore. But the kindly ferns and the clinging creepers have covered it and hidden its decay.

Verse

THE EAGLE, THE MAGPIE HIS WIFE,
AND THE SPARROW HIS DAUGHTER

A FABLE—BY GAY JUNIOR

AN Eagle, who with winged words
Had led the Parliament of Birds,
In much debate had won of fame
A dignified and honoured name;
And though no more the plummy flock
He led, yet not a beak would mock
Should he rebuke in seemly phrase
Some later Premier's errant ways;
None held that he did e'er disgrace
The Standard of the Eagle Race.

As now he neared an age of ease,
Enjoying whatso'er might please,
To scholarship but half-retired,
And ready—were he so desired—
To aid once more the feathered state,
And lead in eloquent debate;
A cackling loud, distressful, shrill,
Rose from his eyrie on the hill,
Hen-voices reckless to offend
The ear of follower and friend.
His wife—a Magpie harsh and vain—
Disliked retirement's peaceful reign,
But restless worked a strident quill,
Eager for notice, to be still
The topic of each tattling tongue.
"Listen!" cried she, "I once was young!
Nor always cheered an Eagle's age!
For me the song-bird tuned his rage!
My later years let no bird mock—
I was desired by ev'ry Cock!
This one I kissed—and that refused—
A third was useful—him I used.
My modesty no detail spares,
Here are my earlier love affairs;
Nothing there is I cannot tell,
Here are my friends' amours as well!"
She spoke; and smiled to see the flutter
Of little birds in ev'ry gutter,
Then flew, to give her scandals vent
Upon another continent.

Nor had this cackle died away,
Ere on the yet astounded day
His daughter—a mere sparrow she—
Joined in the base cacophony,
And hoped to find a ready sale
For many a slipshod dirty tale
Bound in a pretty little book.
"Look, sister sparrows, come and look!
I've found," proclaimed her shameless tongue,
"As I was pecking in the dung,
Such tasty bits of filthiness
As surely will be a success;
Away Restraint and Moderation!
Hail! Feminine Emancipation,
Which still most truly art expressed
By going one dirtier than the rest!"

The Eagle's friends looked pained and glum;
They cried, "To what a pass we've come,
When ev'n an Eagle's eyrie breeds
Such profitless and noxious weeds."
(Their metaphor was mixed, but Birds
Are something careless over words).
"And could we trust the reins of state
To one with such a child and mate?"

The moral is that tactless wives
May often shame their husbands' lives;
That daughters, who are much to blame,
Cast mud upon their father's name;
That Woman freed, should yet keep free
Herself from loose obscenity,
Lest Man, appalled, once more turn warder,
To keep his womenfolk in order.

Letters to the Editor

FRENCH JOURNALISM

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I am sorry that I could not answer Mr. Fraser Taylor earlier, but I had neither *Matin* nor *Manchester Guardian* for January 30, nor have I been able to get either. However, I will do my best to satisfy him.

The imputation of untruthfulness to a British Ambassador does seem absurd. But I do not know that it is sillier than the *Manchester Guardian's* contention that M. Briand's speech at Washington was a studied insult to Great Britain, or more scurrilous than the following adaptation:

I met Murder on the way,
He had a mask like Poincaré,
Very smooth he looked, yet grim;
Seventy journalists followed him . . .
Clothed with the Covenant as with light,
And the shadows of the night,
Like Doumergue next, Hypocrisy
On a crocodile rode by;

in the *New Statesman* (February 11); or more unjust than the epithets hurled at M. Poincaré, whose efforts to preserve peace in 1914 and to explain the English point of view to his countrymen since the Treaty might have saved him from the accusations of being "in pre-war days the civilian head of a war-party" (*Nation*, January 21); a "fire-breather" (*English Review*, February); and a "militarist reactionary" (*New Statesman*, January 28); and of "leading the pack . . . in every Press campaign against . . . ourselves" (*Nation*, January 21). I believe I have read every one of M. Poincaré's articles, and I cannot remember a single sentence which could fairly be described as anti-British.

I am not clear whether it is the notion of a "campaign against France," or the suggestion of inaccuracy which has shocked Mr. Fraser Taylor; but I would plead for the *Matin* that there may have been extenuating circumstances. Even an unsuspicious reader, on finding such passages as the following in the *Nation*:

It is essential to show that England is not the dupe of this shallow iniquity. . . . The evil in Europe is psychic. . . . France, by a thousand acts of suggestion, keeps the neurosis alive; and that is the reason why . . . it is an act of self-preservation to array civilized opinion against her,

might receive the impression that a Press campaign against France had at any rate been initiated.

I suggest that even the most reputable papers may sometimes give credence and publication to inaccuracies (I trust Mr. Fraser Taylor will not think this word approaches too nearly to "French candour"), as the following examples may suffice to show:

(a) In 1912 and 1913 . . . the French political temper was changing for the worse . . . under Poincaré's and Millerand's direction the country was being rapidly militarized.—(*Nation*, January 7.)

In 1914 there was a general election in France, fought on a single issue—the re-establishment of the three years' service—and the country returned a large

majority against the measure. The prevailing sentiments were a determination not to be roused and an incredulity as to danger which—to one who was acquainted with the feeling in Germany at the same date—appeared extraordinary. On the German side of the frontier strategic railways were being built; a "military display" more sinister than the "*parades et retraites aux flambeaux*" which shook the nerves of the *Nation's* informant.

(b) Anyone who cares to read this French naval officer's book . . . may see that no injustice has been done. . . to the French Naval Staff, on which he was then serving, and in whose organ he expressed his views.—(A. H., in the *Daily Telegraph* February 24.)

The articles did undoubtedly express the mind of an important and probably predominant school of French naval strategy.—(*Nation*, February 25.)

But Mr. Balfour, in reply to a question in the House, declared: "It is clear . . . that the statements did not commit the French Admiralty . . . He spoke only for himself"; and Lord Lee, in his letter to the Press Association, stated: "I took the first opportunity of accepting, without qualification or reserve, the whole-hearted and vigorous repudiation . . . by both the civil and naval representatives of the French Delegation." Surely this doubly official statement must be accepted.

Yours etc.,

W. LENGLEYS

c/o Lloyds Bank, Strand, W.C.

'AN OBSESSION OF BRITISH OPERA'

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—In the course of its distinguished career the SATURDAY REVIEW has never lacked regular contributors who have fearlessly recorded their honest opinions and convictions on matters of the moment. Witness, for instance, the deserved exposé last week of Princess Bibesco's degrading book. But I must confess myself disappointed with Mr. E. A. Baughan in his article, 'An Obsession of British Opera.' He has broadly, though, I think, rather vaguely, stated the case of composers and opera libretti, but he has failed to drive home the real solution of the problem and so has neglected a golden opportunity for a little plain speaking, which is sadly needed by our querulous composers and pampered singers too.

To-day the British School of music composers leads the world. In addition our composers are given opportunities of public performances such as are unknown in any other country. With the will to do so I am convinced that our men can create operas equal to, if not excelling, the best productions from abroad. Further, there is at the present time in every part of the country an exceptionally strong demand for serious opera, and there is also now full opportunity for its presentation. But it must be wholly worthy in every respect: essentially practical, strong, human, melodious—in short, a genuine, heart-felt expression of our national sentiments and emotions. Our people, who demand them, are not given such native-wrought operas because they do not exist. And they do not exist for the very simple reason that our composers are at present incapable of creating them. And they cannot create them because they will not take the trouble to learn even the veriest a.b.c. of the craft. There you have it in a nutshell.

This talk of "no suitable libretti" is sheer nonsense. The libretto is, or should be, an integral part of the opera. Libretto and music should be created simultaneously. If the composer cannot do this, and refuses to learn how, let him stick to his symphonies and string quartets. Opera is not for him. A scene painter, apart from possessing a sound draughtsman of stage-craft, must needs be a good draughtsman, an architect, a colourist, a costumier, an electrician, a man of infinite tact and a philosopher. Yet we find the would-be creator of a great art-work, of which the scene-painter's functions are but a part, setting forth upon his creation often without so much as an elementary knowledge of the human voice and its proper adaptation to his

scheme. Incidentally the average native composer will not realize that the concert-platform and stage are two vastly different worlds: that, for instance, a concert song will rarely, if ever, "carry" across the footlights.

There is little or no difficulty in writing at least a sound, working opera libretto (a comic opera is different) if a man will take the trouble to learn his job as a craftsman. But he must needs begin at the beginning and never cease learning. A thorough equipment as a musician is no more than the starting-point. Possessing that, and an instinct for the stage, he may then begin his studies. And if he does not find opportunities ready to hand for practical lessons let him make them for himself. If our composers had a little more backbone in them and that "will to do" which is a proud characteristic of our race, we should be spared much of this whimpering about "neglect" and "no opportunities" with which they and their supporters incessantly assail us. With a little practical knowledge we should also be spared those ill-advised productions of so-called opera which not only fail to advance the cause of the art but also most effectually retard it by antagonizing the very folk who are only too anxious to support the native product.

Yours etc.,

A. CORBETT-SMITH

The Savage Club

'DIRTY WORK'

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—As a regular reader of the SATURDAY REVIEW may I express my great satisfaction and relief that at last someone has uttered a grave protest and condemnation of the odious novels that are in vogue. The women writers are specially criticized, but from my experience the men should be included. I returned a specimen of the latter to the circulating library a short time ago expressing my utter disgust and saying the author ought to be ashamed of writing such vile stuff. The answer I got was, "His books are on every list given to us." I sincerely hope the article in your issue last week may be well supported. I enclose my card.

Yours etc.,

"CONSTANT READER"

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I was much interested in your review last week of Princess Bibesco's book 'I Have Only Myself to Blame.' I feel very strongly that your contributor is mistaken in thinking that women write this kind of book merely with a desire to produce "dirty" literature. Modern woman, of whom you complain so bitterly, is *outré* and often revolting in what she writes, and in her private conversation she may be "out" to shock, but at the back of her mind it is the truth she is looking for. She wants to draw up all the blinds and let the light fall on things that so long have been kept in the dark, hidden from her supposed too-sensitive eyes, and in the process she has become somewhat grubby. Regrettable, no doubt—we don't like to see the dear little things in that state. "Never so rapid and intense a declension from so high an ideal," wails your contributor. I admit that at present woman is being tiresome, rather like those housewives who, being greatly addicted to spring-cleaning, raise unsavoury clouds of dust and flue, much to the displeasure of the male inhabitants. The extracts to which your article referred were in reality much less dirty than many of the "passionate" books by earlier women writers; they would be hardly likely to excite sex feeling or unwholesome curiosity in the boy or girl who reads them, because for the most part they are perfectly plain statements without any of the pseudo-poetic and luscious indefiniteness which was the fashionable cloak for dirtiness a few years ago, and which the young devour with avidity when they get the chance, often thinking, poor dears, that it is "beautiful."

As for the young man who offered a girl the "inconceivable insult" of wishing to see her presumably beauti-

ful body "walking naked in the dusk," his mind seems to have been behind rather than beyond his century; the Greeks delighted in the beauty of the naked human body, whether male or female, and their public sports in which the competitors took part naked were surely not regarded as "dirty." But the Greek, having a more fearless mind, might have said, "I should like to see you walking naked in the sun."

"The women intellectuals who smoke, drink and say 'damn' on the least excuse" sound tiresome, but not very shocking people, and the same may be said of the young (perfect) lady who asks Owen to "stop making that bloody row." A few of us do talk like that still, but as a matter of fact "damn" is rather *démodé*, and "bloody" has had its day. You say "the licence to do what one likes leads not to freedom but to anarchy." Woman, with her dawning sense of liberty, is being a little unwise, a little noisy, but it is a protest against long centuries of "ladylikeness," during which time she suffered unknown horrors mentally and physically rather than offend man by descending from the throne on which he had set her—for him a convenient throne, which kept her in "her proper place." Now she has at last descended, and man, though he heaves a sigh of relief that he is no longer expected to offer so unsexed a creature his seat in 'bus or train, pretends to be very upset about it. "Never so rapid and intense a declension from so high an ideal." Woman is not very concerned with ideals at the moment; she is searching for truth, sometimes in unpromising places, and while she seeks she smokes, and perhaps murmurs "damn," but she is searching all the same.

Yours etc.,

London, S.W.

VERA

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I have just read with amused astonishment a review in the SATURDAY REVIEW entitled 'Dirty Work.' Its chastisement of the immoral woman-novelist, whose awful characters "smoke . . . on the least excuse" (a delicious touch!) sounds so like an ill-tempered wail from some late Victorian ghost that I am in doubt as to whether the thing were not inserted as a sort of editorial joke—a playful attempt to "pull the woman-novelist's leg" (I hope your reviewer will forgive the vulgarity of this otherwise expressive phrase) and generally test her sense of humour. At any rate, as a joke it must be treated. One cannot argue at this date with people who persist in regarding women as a specialized breed whose actions and reactions, temptations and virtues must be of entirely separate quality if "decorum" is to be maintained.

But to carry the joke further, I do suggest to your reviewer that he turn his horrified eyes for a moment from the woman-novelist to her male contemporary. Has he perhaps read 'The Confessions of Ursula Trent' or 'Simon called Peter,' just to mention two recent novels by well-known and highly respected male novelists?

This may be considered a case of the kettle calling the pot black, but the counter accusation is sometimes of value if only it calls attention to the fact that both pot and kettle are made of the same material, are tested by the same fire, and tend to express their reactions in much the same terms. If a woman novelist who is a sincere artist—and that is really what matters, though the point does not seem to occur to your reviewer at all—discovers that married life for a great many women is often squalid and closely associated with gynæcological and kindred troubles, or that life generally is full of damns, drink and cigarette-ends, she is now free to say so instead of going into hysterics, which was the one vent allowed our equally wise but tongue-tied grandmothers. She is not only free but justified. After all, novelists do not make life. They reflect it and it is their business to reflect it honestly.

This age may seem shockingly immoral to our Victorian critic, if for no other reason than that it is outspoken, but in fact it compares very favourably with his

own generation, whose shams and suppressions are the roots of most of our present miseries. At any rate we do speak out. And if women, who have laboured so long under that black burden of silence, occasionally over-step the limits, which men have over-stepped long since, I do not think anyone or anything is badly shaken as a result.

However, this is all much too serious. The whole subject is really as dead as the question of "Woman's Suffrage," and your reviewer's dark insinuation that something drastic must be done to stop women from saying what they think, excites the same merriment as the old "Anti" war-cry—"Go 'ome and mind the bibby!"

We can afford to laugh and pass on.

Yours etc.,

IDA A. R. WYLIE

6 Blenheim Road, N.W.

THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—With much diffidence I beg leave to give my views on the subject of Indian Government. I ask to do so because I see no suggestion of the kind in any English paper. It has seemed to me an obvious thing that if self-government were granted to Ireland it would be claimed by, and eventually granted to, Egypt; and, therefore, that it would be absolutely impossible to carry on as hitherto in India. Vitriolic racialism is the order of the age. Why should Indians be any more reasonable than other folk?

To my mind there is only one possible solution of the Indian difficulty—the increase of the territory of the Native States, and possibly the re-creation of new ones. Let Indians deal with their own unrest. I have lived many years in this and kindred countries. The longer I live here, the more conscious am I of the wall there is between the East and the West; the more impossible does the task of grafting Western ideas upon the East seem to me. In spite of differences I believe there is a real liking for each other between the English and the Indians. I cannot see why some workable political arrangement could not be come to between the leaders of the Indian people and the English. By the leaders I mean the Chiefs and their Governments. Of course I have no cut and dried scheme to offer, but if analogy is anything to go by, something on these lines will eventually have to be done. Democracy in India will race down the road to anarchy of the Russian kind.

Yours etc.,

RALPH HEDGER

Thenmallay Estate, Mattupatti, India.

[A solution on the lines proposed by our correspondent was suggested in an article in the SATURDAY REVIEW of February 11.—ED. S.R.]

THE CIVIL SERVICE

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Civil servants are indebted to you for the very fair comments in your current 'Notes of the Week' on the pensions question. How very moderate the pension of civil servants would be *even under the scheme which the Government has now jettisoned* may be shown by taking the concrete case of a civil servant on a pre-war salary of £800 (the actual figure about which all the misrepresentation took place in the House of Commons last week) and comparing his pension with that of an Army officer whose pre-war remuneration was identical.

The current bonus on a pre-war Civil Service salary of £800 is £293, and the pension at age 63 would be approximately £510, as against £400 before the war, i.e., an increase of 27½ per cent. The pensioner would also be entitled to a gratuity under the rules of the service. In the Army in 1914 £800 was the consolidated pay drawn by an infantry lieutenant-colonel serving as a General Staff Officer 1st grade at the War

Office. He now receives between £1,360 and £1,370 (of which sum about £300 is paid tax-free) or nearly £300 more than the civil servant's £1,093; as against the civil servant's maximum pension of £510, his maximum pension (though he retires at a much younger age) would be £600, an increase of about 43 per cent. on his pre-war maximum of £420.

Moreover, whilst the civil servant cannot retire before 60 (except on grounds of ill-health or abolition of office) without forfeiting his claims to pension, officers of the Navy and Army can retire voluntarily with a proportionate pension whilst still relatively young. A lieutenant-colonel retiring at age 45, for example, with an expectation of life of twenty-two years, may receive a pension of £540 as against the £470 odd of a civil servant aged 60 with an expectation of life of under thirteen years—i.e., in this case in non-effective charges the soldier would cost the State some £12,000, which is 60 per cent. more than the cost of the civil servant including his gratuity. If the civil servant were compelled by ill-health to retire at age 45 his pension would be only £280. On so lavish (?) a scale were Civil Service pensions awarded under the scheme in force until a few days ago, which roused such howls of virtuous indignation in the House of Commons and the daily Press.

One further point. You enquired in your issue of February 18 as to the number of officials drawing £3,000 and over in the Admiralty secretariat. There is not one drawing over £3,000. Two draw between £2,000 and £3,000 as against one at £2,000 in 1914. I suggest, Sir, that this is not excessive, having regard to the general increases in the remuneration of the other services of the Crown, of the professions and of the commercial world since 1914.

Yours etc.,

C. H. BULLOCK

Gilston Road, S.W.

[We are interested in our correspondent's answer to the question asked in our Note. His information differs from ours, but the difference may be accounted for by bonus or allowances added to the nominal salary.—ED. S.R.]

DEATH BY MISADVENTURE

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—It always seems to me one of the most extraordinary things that the public in England and elsewhere should allow the awful slaughter of human beings by motor cars that goes on now. One is constantly reading of the deaths of well-known people in this manner, and for one such there must be scores of humbler people unrecorded. What is the root cause of all this? There can be little doubt that it is the shameful speed at which these cars go compared with horse traffic. It never seems to occur to people that if you introduce into streets and roads made, as ours were, for horse vehicles going at a rate of eight or ten miles an hour, machines that go at four or five times the rate, there must of necessity be an enormous number of accidents, possibly twenty or thirty times as many as in pre-motor days. The usual stupid plea of motorists and their Press is that we must advance with science and put up with a few accidents in such a glorious cause. But considering that in most countries pedestrians outnumber motorists by anything from 70 to 95 per cent., why should they allow themselves to be thus killed and maimed in order that a small minority should enjoy themselves or get gain? Motor writers try to draw a comparison between the early days of trains and these days, and talk of the opposition to railways which, however, did not stop their introduction and extension. They foolishly forget that in the early days of railways the deaths that took place were those of the people who ran the risk and used for their own pleasure the trains, but now it is the pedestrians who suffer, not the inmates of the cars. Besides, trains were for the use and comfort of all, not merely

of a small minority, and in addition special roads were made for them and fenced off from the public. They did not, like motor cars, thrust themselves into the streets and roads that were not intended for them, and that were utterly unfitted for them. Surely it is time the pedestrian public asserted their rights and either limited all motor traffic to eight or ten miles an hour in cities and villages, or else compelled motorists to make their own roads. Another good plan to put down road-hogs is to make the penalties so great that automatically the danger would cease, either by eliminating all road-hogs by cancelling their licences, or imprisoning them, and thus making the others have a proper fear of offending. Here we suffer from the same hooligan type, and many deaths and maimings have occurred, so that at last the public is stirred up, and drastic changes will be introduced.

Yours etc.,

Mill Street, Cape Town. T. B. BLATHWAYT

[In most English towns and villages a speed limit of 12 m.p.h. or less is imposed.—Ed. S.R.]

'WHAT EVERY MAN WANTS TO KNOW'

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Mr. Charles Frank's letter encourages me to answer. The whole point of my attempt to "draw" the gold standard theorists was to start from the basis of M. Loucheur and Mr. Maynard Keynes, that in gold all these foreign debts, whether reparations or ex-Allied loans, were unrepayable, except in goods; *per contra* that paper nations could, if they would, cash in by dividing by something or other, as most certainly some day they will. What then? I am quite accurate in saying that if we stick to gold our interest will rise in value and so will taxation; in fact, in gold, the capital levy is the only way out. Paper peoples have gone too far to struggle back, and I fail to see what Mr. Frank criticizes, except that in the figures given for devaluation purposes Germany would have 600,000,000 gold marks, not pounds. The point is that devaluation of bad paper can bring good money. The figure 300,000,000,000 marks was of course an estimate of the issue, say, in about another year when at last, to save our trade, we implore Germany to divide. Germany has over 100,000,000,000 Treasury Bills which I included, giving her a run of about 80,000,000,000 more. It may go to 7,000,000,000,000 marks: the point is irrelevant, except to speculative holders. The problem is: how can we, in gold, with an £8,000,000,000 debt, face Europe when she cashes in to get new currencies—free from debt, interest, taxes, except so far as reparations are concerned?

Yours etc.,

AUSTIN HARRISON

'A PARADISE OF SOCIALISM'

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—As an unhappy dweller in Geneva I have read with a great deal of interest the article entitled 'A Paradise of Socialism,' which appears in the current number of the SATURDAY REVIEW. I am merely writing to say how heartily I should like to endorse every one of the opinions there expressed, and how much indebted I personally feel to the SATURDAY REVIEW for having put before the world the actual condition of life in the country which so many historians have conspired to describe as the best governed State of Europe.

Yours etc.,

H. A. ST. GEORGE SAUNDERS

Pension Regina, Geneva

NOTE.—Next week Mrs. Lynn Lynton's famous article 'The Girl of the Period,' which created so great a sensation when it was published in the SATURDAY REVIEW more than half-a-century ago, will be reproduced in our columns.

Reviews

[NOTE.—We desire to draw the attention of publishers to a growing practice which appears not to be in the best interests either of literary criticism or of publishing. In four instances, during the last fortnight, reviews of important books have appeared in the daily Press before copies have even been received by the SATURDAY REVIEW and other serious and widely-read publications. There has always hitherto been an honourable understanding between the Press and publishers of repute that, while books were sent out in ample time to permit of thorough reading and consideration, no review would appear before the day of publication, and no advantage would be given to one newspaper or Review over another. We cannot believe that the heads of reputable publishing firms wish this understanding to cease; and we can only attribute the instances mentioned above to the mistaken zeal of subordinates. We do not desire any preferential treatment for the SATURDAY REVIEW; we merely desire, in the interests of the reading public and of booksellers, that a tradition which has been maintained between ourselves and publishers for nearly seventy years should not be lightly broken.—Ed. S.R.]

IRISH CIVILIZATION

Ireland and the Making of Britain. By Benedict Fitzpatrick. Funk and Wagnalls. 20s. net.

THAT Western, and more particularly, English civilization is founded on the basis of Irish culture is the thesis of this book, which is not an unfair example of the scholarship of Nationalist Ireland. The accuracy of this scholarship may be judged by the fact that the author writes familiarly of imperial parliaments, universities and earls in the early Dark Ages of his country. Once accustomed to an atmosphere in which words lose any definite meaning, the reader will have no difficulty in following the author's assumption that because Scot at a certain time was the name for Irish, therefore all Scots in medieval writings were Irish; that because Lindisfarne was founded from Scottish Iona it too was Irish; that because Northern Gaul and the Rhine Valley were evangelized by Irish, Scots, and English, their monasteries were Irish centres; and that because a certain style of handwriting derived from the Roman half-uncial is called Irish, therefore every manuscript in that hand is derived from Irish sources. Books of this kind have a definite pedigree. Zimmer wrote to prove that there was some learning in early Ireland; Dr. Douglas Hyde, with all scholarly limitations, proves it a centre of culture; Mr. Fitzpatrick pushes Dr. Hyde's argument to absurdity by attributing to Ireland almost the whole culture of Western Europe. Yet in spite of this the work has its uses. It emphasizes sides of our national history which are too often slurred over or left in oblivion. Under reasonable and proper limitations it contains an acknowledged truth. Europe does owe a debt to the Ireland of the Dark Ages for a comparative, though not an absolute, culture. That culture is not ours nor has it any meaning for us. The culture of Western Europe to-day is founded on the intermingling of the Northman with the Latin, and where this mingling is greatest, culture is at its best; where it is least, as in Celtic Ireland, culture and scholarship have almost ceased to exist.

The specific contribution of Ireland to the history of Western civilization is apt to be overlooked, and it may be worth a little consideration to endeavour to restate it. The great feature of Irish culture is that it has always been outside the circle of European civilization, except inasmuch as it has been subject to the rule of a foreign government. As far as the study of early Irish history has gone, we seem to see successive waves of

4 March 1922

Celtic invaders driven before superior force. In the early centuries of the Christian era we find continual piratical raids across the Irish Sea, settlements of Irish Celts in Wales and the South of Scotland. Christianity was brought in by the Britons from Gaul, and with it a debased Latin of which a favourable specimen may be seen in the writings of St. Patrick, at its worst in the 'Hisperica famina,' a horrible gibberish. Irish culture at that time was essentially barbarous, its art, strangely intricate and complicated, was incapable of fresh growth and wider development, its mythology had the virtues and the limitations of the savage, its trade combined the pirate and the huxter, as was the way for many centuries to come. We can picture its relation to Roman civilization as that of the Zulus in Natal; they have an art, a mythology, a relatively high standard of life—doubtless some of them have adopted the religion of their superior neighbours, have learnt to read and write their language—but the nation remains barbarous.

With the break-up of Roman civilization before the inroads of the Germanic hordes on one side and the Picts and Scots (the Irish) on the other, society was broken into fragments or crushed to dust. Latin learning died out in rapid decay. The fundamental bases of the humanities were forgotten. In Britain only the great roads and perhaps a city or two remained, in Gaul a few municipalities struggled on in isolation, Italy was laid waste, the Dark Ages had begun, and only in Christianity was there any hope for the regeneration of Europe.

Ireland, itself, lay out of the range of this material destruction, and, prepared as it was by its nominal conversion under St. Patrick, afforded a refuge to the few who were able to escape from Britain and Gaul to its shores. Soon a wave of religious enthusiasm swept over the country, which, by the middle of the sixth century, was covered with religious colonies of monk-students and others, labouring with their own hands for their support and eagerly snatching up the débris of classical learning which had reached them. Then came an outburst of missionary zeal. Iona, founded in 563, was the first outpost: from Iona, Aidan went to Northumbria and settled at Lindisfarne. At the end of the century a stream of Irish monks passed up the Rhine valley and crossed the Alps into Italy, founding St. Gall, Würzburg, Salzburg, Vercelli and countless others. Their converts, Germans, Franks, English and Italians, were fired with their example and spread the revived religion over Western Europe, even to Iceland, Frisia, and the Orkneys. With their religion the missionaries carried the art of writing, so necessary for the multiplication of gospels and service books, and the Irish hand survived in these centres long after any contact with Ireland or Irishmen had ceased.

It cannot be too clearly understood that Christianization did not imply literary culture. Gregory the Great declined to let the words of the Holy Spirit be fettered by the rules of grammar, and missionaries carrying their lives in their hands were unlikely to carry any but essential books while forcing their way through unknown deserts; their Bible, perhaps a current medical treatise, and a calendar would be their utmost stock of learning. Even in more settled times the ordinary treatises were altogether contemptible as representing learning. Arithmetic concerned itself with the names of intricate harmonic ratios, but the multiplication table was a dark mystery. Knowledge of the seven arts was derived from such compendia as that of Cassiodorus, which resembles not even a "cram-book," but the chapter-headings of a cram-book, or from more pretentious books such as Isidore's Etymologies, a work excellent as a class-book in the hands of a skilled and learned professor, but when put before students forced to guess at the meaning of every unfamiliar Latin word, it could convey no mental culture of any kind to its unfortunate readers.

By the time of the depredations of the Northmen on Gaul, England, and Ireland, the missionary effort of Ireland, though not the wandering habits of Irish scholars, had ceased. The Carolingian revival was mainly Latin in its character, and the spread of Roman literature was from the south, northwards. It was not till the days of the great medieval renaissance of the twelfth century that the contribution of the Celtic lands to learning sank into an insignificance from which they have never emerged. Mr. Fitzpatrick would have been well advised to leave the statement of his case in the capable hands of Dr. Hyde.

LETTERS

A Letter Book. Selected with an Introduction on the history and art of letter-writing. By George Saintsbury. Bell. 6s.

SO long as there are any people interested in literature, it is probable that they will argue about the qualities which make good letters and advance their reasons for their various preferences among letter-writers. There should be, therefore, a wide-spread welcome for Mr. Saintsbury's book, which not only gives us a most interesting and admirably well chosen collection of letters, but an introduction of one hundred pages (as well as separate introductions to each writer) discussing all sorts of questions connected with letters, all sorts of letters, all sorts of opinions about letters. The word "all" comes naturally to a pen writing about Mr. Saintsbury, who has read everything that ever was written and remembers all he has read. And his learning comes out of him so easily! You never feel that it is being thrown at you, still less paraded; he merely has it to hand when the occasion calls for it—in the way of allusion, comparison, or what not—and gives you the advantage of it. All this learning might well make the bravest of us pause before disagreeing with him for fear of finding himself buried under a heap of books, unread and a pyramid built over him of books unheard of. Since, however, so fruitful an essay as his in this book must make the reader think, and since on such a subject those capable of thought all think differently, more or less, it is a compliment if one disagrees over a point or two. One of the qualities on which Mr. Saintsbury insists most firmly as necessary for good letters, is sincerity or naturalness. He adduces, for example, the alleged absence of this quality in Byron's as gravely detracting from their merit. The instance may be disputed: Byron's emotions and intentions and attitudes changed, no doubt, but he is sincere in the one professed for the moment, while he is writing. But the general principle, it may surely be urged, is part of a slight confusion between one's admiration or enjoyment of a letter and one's opinion, liking or disliking, of its writer. Mr. Saintsbury remarks with truth that Horace Walpole is spiteful and seems, at least, to think that his spitefulness impairs his letters. But does it? Don't we get a great deal of amusement out of some of his spiteful passages? Cowper, as Mr. Saintsbury says, had no ill nature. In his case ill nature would have been out of tone with the kind of pleasure his letters give us, but that is not the case with Horace Walpole's. One of the finest pieces of English prose ever written is Dr. Johnson's famous letter to Lord Chesterfield, and one cannot like Johnson the better for revenging an old grudge: does that hurt our appreciation of the letter? Liking for a man and enjoyment of his letters are separate things, though the maximum of both conjoined might give us the maximum of pleasure in reading. Mr. Saintsbury of course considers the question of what may and may not be rightly published in the case of the private letters of the dead, and takes the high position that nothing should be published which the dead writer would not have published if he could have been consulted. Even one who shares heartily in his dislike of modern violations of

privacy, may sigh when he thinks of what, had this stern doctrine been enforced, he would have lost. Mr. Saintsbury concedes that if the too private matter has been published there is no harm in reading it, and one is inclined to wonder if, that being so, there is any great harm in republishing. One so wonders when he thinks it questionable to republish (and refrains) Mrs. Carlyle's letter about her visit to Haddington after long absence which, as he judges, "has no superior in the vast range of our subject for pure pathos perfectly expressed." Such large questions, on which opinions may differ, are raised in this Introduction. For the analysis of letter-writing qualities generally and for the history of the art one can but say "thank you" with all the sincerity Mr. Saintsbury himself desires in a letter.

As for the examples, Mr. Saintsbury has given first a few ancient, Synesius and Pliny; one of Sidonius Apollinaris in the "dark" ages; a twelfth century letter of the Duchess of Burgundy, and then English, from the Paston Letters to one of Stevenson's written to himself. He has gone on the principle of using the best letter-writers but not their most famous letters, as a rule preferring those of great merit and interest but less well known. All are to be welcomed with gratitude for the care and skill in choosing them, and to say that one would have liked this or that letter as well, is merely to suggest a longer book. Yet of course every reader will have his own additions: that is part of the interest of such a selection. One reader will wish Mr. Saintsbury had included the letter of Cicero describing Cæsar's dining with him, hackneyed though it be to scholars. Another, granting that the eighteenth century teems with good letters, will wish for one or two of Selwyn's correspondents, as Old Q., or one of George's own, as that describing Charles Fox, once a Maccaroni and now a sloven, looking "clean and smug as a Gentleman." Yet another (or the same) would rather, instead of the rather solemn letter of Byron's, fine though it is, he had given us a lively one, as that . . . but there is no end to this, as Dr. Johnson used to say, and perhaps it is a poor way of giving thanks to Mr. Saintsbury. His book is not to be improved upon. Another would have done it differently: no one else alive could have done it so well, with such an abundance of knowledge, with so fine a judgment.

PREMIER OPINIONS

The Origins of the War. By Raymond Poincaré. Cassell. 12s. net.

Peaceless Europe. By Francesco S. Nitti. Cassell. 12s. net.

WE combine these two books in one review because taken together they give a very striking picture of the change which the four years from 1914 to 1918 brought in Europe. M. Poincaré's book is a careful record of a series of events mainly diplomatic; you feel that he conceives the relations between European countries as being conducted in a manner hardly distinguishable from those of the eighteenth or nineteenth centuries. You see the chiefs of states and their ministers carefully contending for national interests which were partially dynastic and partially territorial, but into which the conditions which govern the lives of men and the prosperity of society scarcely entered overtly at all. In Signor Nitti's book, on the other hand, dealing with the results of the Peace of Versailles, you get the conception of a Europe in which economic considerations overmaster all others; a Europe in which the question is not how this or that dynasty or state may be saved, but simply what can be done to preserve the fabric of civilization. Both are impressive books. M. Poincaré's is a historical document and the record of a Europe which might have as appropriately been dated a hundred years ago;

Signor Nitti's is an eloquent and forcible statement of a European situation which has been too aridly stated by Mr. Keynes and too emotionally by Mr. Wells, but in this book appears to be described in a manner satisfactorily between these two extremes. We say "appears" because in both cases the translations are of a quality which is really deplorable. Every English reader must be grateful for the enterprise with which Messrs. Cassell have provided us with English versions of so many of the leading Continental documents relating to the war, but the very extent of our gratitude leaves us free to say that the handling of the original in these two publications is little short of a scandal. It is not so much that there are positive errors—these are from time to time to be found—but that whole pages ring with an unreality which can only be the product of the work of some hasty gentleman who had propped up one of Messrs. Cassell's own excellent French-English dictionaries in front of him, and who had determined that he would go ahead word by word. Whether Signor Nitti's book was translated direct from the Italian, or from the French, we do not know, but internal evidence seems to suggest the second. In his case you could see shining through the fog of English translation as conducted in the secondary schools what must have been passages of real and impressive eloquence in the original.

The kernel of Signor Nitti's book is contained in this passage in the Preface:

We should only remember our dead in so far as their memory may prevent future generations from being saddened by other war victims. The voices of those whom we have lost should reach us as voices praying for the return of that civilization which shall render massacres impossible, or shall at least diminish the violence and ferocity of war.

Just as the growing dissolution of Europe is a common danger, so is the renewal of the bonds of solidarity a common need.

Let us all work toward this end, even if at first we may be misunderstood and may find obstacles in our way. Truth is on the march and will assert herself; we shall strike the main road after much of dreary wandering in the dark lanes of prejudice and violence.

the last sentence of it being an illuminating example of how much the eloquent and forcible pages of the book lose by lack of skill on the part of the translator.

M. Poincaré's book gives in full the letters which passed between himself and King George at the beginning of the war, but we fancy the text of them is already completely available in State papers. Signor Nitti, on the other hand, has been able, no doubt with permission, to publish the full text of the memorandum which Mr. Lloyd George wrote in March 1919, and which, doubtless, came into the hands of Signor Nitti when as Prime Minister of Italy he succeeded to the responsibility of Signor Orlando. The document is extremely interesting and stands the test of time very well, though we imagine Mr. Lloyd George would now be less inclined to lay stress, as he did in the document, on the ethnographical boundary as a real means of appeasement for European troubles. It is only since the signature of the Treaty that the peoples of Europe have learned in a hard school to realize the essential thesis of Signor Nitti's book, which is that for the present in Europe it is the economic aspect, and nothing but the economic aspect, which matters.

AN ITALIAN IDEALIST

The Theory of Mind as Pure Act. By Giovanni Gentile. Translated by H. Wildon Carr. 15s. net.

IT is not to be pretended that this book is easy reading, or that its phraseology is not obscure and involved. In ordinary circumstances one would condole with the author on his translator; but it happens that Professor Wildon Carr, who has translated Sig. Gen-

tile's book, is almost the only professional philosopher of the day with the gift of style. Alone among their contemporaries, Profs. Carr and Santayana may be read as a pleasure instead of a duty. We are therefore more inclined to congratulate the translator on his frequent success in dealing with obviously refractory material than to condole with him on his occasional failure. As there are some subjects that simply will not make great poetry, so there are some writers who cannot be turned into attractive prose.

Sig. Gentile is professor of the history of philosophy at Rome, and he is of the idealist school; indeed, he strikes us as a little intolerant of any other view. But he wears his idealism with a difference. He criticizes both Plato and Hegel vigorously; and so far as one can judge without working through the German again—an intolerable labour to which penal servitude would be preferable—the criticism of Hegel at least is unanswerable. A better case could possibly be made out for Plato, but that is not our business at the moment.

But those who criticize cannot complain if they are themselves criticized, and we say frankly that we have seldom read a weaker or more ineffective chapter in any philosophical book than Sig. Gentile's discussion of space and time. Here at any rate the trouble is not the obscurity but the inadequacy of the treatment; and it is the more striking after the recent publication of 'Space, Time, and Deity,' by the professor of philosophy at Manchester. We do not in the least claim that the Italian should agree with the Englishman; the two are wide apart in their essential doctrines. But Manchester quite clearly has a firmer grip of this particular matter than Rome.

Nor is Sig. Gentile much more satisfactory in what should be one of his great chapters—immortality. We gather that the empirical Ego perishes, but the transcendental Ego survives. "Marry, this is something," but we could wish that it had not been made so clear that the empirical Ego is the ordinary you and me of everyday life, whereas the transcendental Ego remains the vaguest of entities—a something not quite ourselves, if we may parody Matthew Arnold, that makes for survival.

Thus for criticism. It is pleasanter to say that the remainder of the book deserves a great deal, perhaps not quite all, of the praise which the translator bestows on it. The purely historical pages are technically the best; we should like to see some more specimens of Sig. Gentile as historian of philosophy. But some of the constructive philosophic chapters are of high merit; in particular—it may be only personal preference—we were struck by the sharp contrast drawn between the mystical and the idealist approach to God. The mystic waits for illumination; the idealist actively seeks it. (A more detailed study of Plotinus and Philo than is here given might have been fruitful in this connexion, as combining the philosopher and the mystic). The mystic will probably not accept the implied criticism of his method, and we should like to see the case argued at length, but provisionally we are inclined to accept Sig. Gentile's argument as valid.

On the whole, then, Professor Carr has our gratitude for introducing us to his Italian colleague. He would have it in greater measure were he now to give us another original work himself. We sometimes venture to disagree with him; but with more trepidation than we have shown in challenging this child of his adoption.

TROUT-FISHING

Trout-fishing for the Beginner. By Richard Clapham. Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d. net.

MR. CLAPHAM, as a "Lakelander" of wide north country experience is, in our opinion, so much the better qualified to instruct the young idea in all-round methods of circumventing trout. He does not paralyse the tyro with exhaustive disquisitions on

insect life and the complex science of precise imitation, nor, naturally enough, does he write with ill-disguised condescension of the varied methods not practised by that infinitesimal fraction of the great trouting fraternity, the dry-fly purists. This little book is eminently practical. No space is given to those illuminative accessories of scenery and "atmosphere" that for the habitual angler, including undoubtedly the author himself, mean so much. The tyro will experience all that soon enough, though more often than we suspect, it is this very call that first draws him to the river side.

The author admits the futility of printed instructions for throwing a fly, though he does not flinch from the attempt. None of us, as he implies, knows the secret of our procedure, which seems so ridiculously easy to ourselves. It is pretty certain, however, that the youth possessed of the angling microbe acquires the knack speedily enough, while the other, born without it, after a spell of hopeless bungling, retires to some more gregarious pursuit. Lots of persistent gun-lovers die bad shots—unfortunately for the birds! But scarcely ever does a keen fisherman remain, as Andrew Lang declares himself to have done, incompetent, though the degrees of skill are infinite. Mr. Clapham cheers his young readers with the conviction that fish have scarcely any feeling (we hope that worms have none), supporting it by instances of trout captured in high spirits and high condition, despite the later revelation of a hook buried in their vitals! He writes sensibly of "up" and "down" stream fishing, though not perhaps giving due weight to the number of rises missed in the former process, as opposed to the tendency of fish to hook themselves in the other. He rightly takes his pupils to the rapid streams, of which there are thousands of miles available compared to the restricted and dollar-ridden stretches of the slow southern waters, though he does not neglect the dry-fly. He describes the fairly simple process of boat-fishing down wind on lochs and tarns, as well as the more interesting art of wading them when possible. He flouts the ancient superstition that fish can hear, but warns his readers to tread the banks lightly and to wade quietly, as vibration is quickly felt. He substitutes "fine-and-as-near-as-you-dare" for the familiar tag of "fine-and-far-off." He rates clear-water worming deservedly high, with the timely reminder that some anglers' holidays may be confined to June or July, with their frequent spells of dry weather, in which successful worming may be substituted for hopeless fly-fishing. Even worm fishing in a "spate" is briefly dealt with, though with apologies, as the one really degraded form of trouting. We have ourselves seen a peasant girl standing in one spot pull out trout as fast as an accomplished angler, within a few yards of her! Luckily "spates" don't last! The author denounces over-dressed flies, prescribes a rather short list as sufficient for beginners, and as regards rivers, would be content, if necessary, with six varieties, a March brown and five lightly-dressed "spiders," like that great master of the art, W. C. Stewart.

THE ATTRACTIONS OF HAMPSHIRE

Hampshire. By Telford Varley. With maps, diagrams and illustrations. Cambridge University Press. 4s. 6d. net.

THOSE who want to know England can make a good start in the 'Cambridge County Handbooks.' They are at once compact and catholic in scope, full of sound information and devoid of guide-book twaddle. Mr. Varley's 'Hampshire' is one of the best of the series we have seen. The county has a great variety of interests: in its forest land and special industries; in the history which survives in its fine buildings; in its rivers and rare flowers; in its ports; and, not least, in those pleasant half-forgotten places which lack railway stations, like Odiham. The motor-

car may find them out again, but we hope it will not vulgarize them. Riverside towns and villages are also attractive. Stockbridge, cosily nestling between its two hills, dreams of past glories in horses and present delights in fishing. The Hampshire rivers afford excellent sport—it is amusing on one day to compare rival fish stories at Ringwood and Fordingbridge—and we have never seen larger pike than those taken out of Sowley Pond. The geology of Hampshire is curiously interesting and deserves the full treatment Mr. Varley gives it. No attempt is made to treat architecture in detail, but the reader can find mention of most that is notable in the churches. Breamore is worth seeing as well as Bourne-mouth. At Romsey, if we remember right, a different fee was current for a Christian and for an archaeologist, the union of both qualifications not being contemplated. The picturesque thatching of many houses is bound to disappear, for the same reason, we imagine, that matches are often not to be had in shops—the incidence of the insurance companies.

At Hambledon, in the county, the village cricket team used to play All England and legislate for the game till the M.C.C. came into power, after the death of the great Nyren. Mr. Varley might have mentioned the Danebury race-course, whither Gibbon went with his father and enjoyed "the beauty of the spot, the fleetness of the horses and the gay tumult of the numerous spectators." Gibbon was often at Buriton, and for over two years in the Militia. He explains in his inimitable autobiography: "The captain of the Hampshire Grenadiers (the reader may smile) has not been useless to the historian of the Roman Empire." He has other associations with the county and should have been counted among its notable men, having really a better claim than Dickens, who was born at Portsea, but was essentially a Cockney. The maps and plans are effective and include in the latter-day fashion statistics in diagram. Altogether, it is an accomplished book, and we wish Mr. Varley had added a short list of others worth reading on the subject. Guides through the present jungle of literature are always useful.

HARBOURS OF MEMORY

Harbours of Memory. By William McFee. Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.

THE two first reflections aroused by this book are that its author has studied very carefully Mr. Kipling and Mr. Conrad, and that he has written it with eyes studiously fixed upon the great American public. Neither of these conveys reproach. The influence of Mr. Kipling is perhaps even more strongly marked than that of Mr. Conrad, and Mr. Kipling is really an inspiring master, even if he has not hitherto been very happy in some of his disciples. As for the great American public, it is demanding better work than the British just now, though Mr. McFee, a Briton, might have refrained from talking of "college men" and from "figuring" for its especial benefit.

There is in one of these papers—half essays, half short stories—a passage describing the conversations of four Lieutenants of Reserve, returning to England from the Near East for demobilization, crammed into a sloop's ammunition-chamber fitted with bunks, which might have been Kipling at his best, but which is a recreation, not an imitation, of that best. Mr. McFee has a true, unforced, delight in "the Sons of Martha," in the working of a ship's engines, the sights and noises and smells of foreign ports, which, expressed in vivid language, breeds in the breast of the stay-at-home the nostalgia of wandering and of a full life. His cleverest artifice is in the simultaneous weaving of two threads into his texture, as when in 'On a Balcony' he watches the bustle of the reception of an English general in the Smyrna streets below and hears the life-

story of an outcast, down-at-heels English journalist, who has lost the world for love; keeping his reader the while equally interested in either theme. But his greatest triumph in this respect is in 'The Crusaders,' which we have no hesitation in calling a masterpiece in its genre. The scene is the engine-room of a seaplane-carrier, assisting in the great movement which crumpled the Turkish wing at Gaza, and the hero a junior engineer, Mr. Ferguson. Amid the precise details of work upon the engines, of the crashing about them of bombs from Turkish aeroplanes, amid little glimpses of the battle obtained in a few snatched minutes on deck, the story of Mr. Ferguson is told. No better sketch of that eternal wanderer, the "hobo-engineer," as he is called in America, whither he inevitably drifts, can be imagined. We too have known our Mr. Ferguson, who likewise sprang from "somewhere on the western edge of Ulster." We fancy that the tiny town of Killybegs alone must turn out a Ferguson once in every five years.

Mr. McFee certainly stands in the line of the new romantics, children of Stevenson and Kipling and Conrad, who yet number Byron among their ancestors. His place therein is even now not dishonourable, but we think he is destined to move to a higher one.

Fiction

The Education of Alice. By Elsa Fish. Laurie. 7s. 6d. net.

THIS novel belongs to a type of fiction that has been so often repeated with slight variations and disguises during the last few years, that one might almost have expected the newest of novel readers to have wearied of it; for the one merit of novelty, that explained, if it did not justify, the success of 'The Visits of Elizabeth,' is inevitably absent from its successors. Like her prototype, the heroine in the present instance is a well-born, artless young lady of some seventeen summers, who might be presumed to have definite ideas of the standard of behaviour usual in polite society; yet she has not only the keenest scent in the world for what is suggestive and vulgar, but in addition an inveterate propensity for calling attention to things that the ordinarily well-bred person lets go by as of no importance. On three separate occasions she goes into details with regard to the stage of undress she has attained in conducting her ablutions, for the express purpose of describing the emotions of mock-modesty that she pretends to assume when on one of them a priest, followed by a little boy, enters the room, while on another it is the porter, and there are endless intimate details of this kind of no importance or interest even in a "realistic" novel. She goes to stay in Bucharest with an aunt, who is incredibly foolish, and an uncle who makes coarse jokes that do not amuse; and she paints a picture of high-tone Roumanian society, including a Queen, Royal Princes, officers of high degree, and so forth, that reproduces all the features of fast third-rate "Bohemian" circles, where the men, whatever their social rank, are not expected to respect the women, as they do not respect themselves. Now, though we believe that educated Roumanian aristocrats are far away from being the barbarians here described, there would have been sufficient contrasts between two types of tradition, culture, and customs, with material unfamiliar to most of us, for a bright, clever, observant English girl to have given us an interesting novel, with situations that might have called for her tact and even for that native dignity that can turn embarrassment into triumph. But this heroine has the most positive genius for encountering and centring upon herself, scenes and situations, and talk—she herself admits that the revelations of married life made by her corrupt girl friend Didine made her "feel hot all over"—that are unedifying and nasty and that are depicted with a lack

of reserve rarely seen outside a certain type of French fiction, as, for instance, the circumstances in which she finds her own lover when running for a doctor in the middle of the night. We have wandered disconsolately through these dull and dreary pages searching for the "wit" of which the "book is full" (so the publishers obligingly inform us). They expressly refer to the "sauciness," and of this quality there is an abundance. One single specimen may perhaps decide some readers to acquaint themselves no further with the "educational" developments of Alice.

I couldn't see her front, but I am sure she has a floppy bosom. I should hate to have a floppy bosom that wobbles about when one runs. I prefer to have my own little inverted tea-cups, which, by the way, are really getting more respectable and more like pudding-basins.

Oddly Enough. By John Ressich. Grant Richards. 7s. 6d. net.

GETTING into this book is like getting into a cold bath on a frosty morning: it takes time. But once the reader has broken the ice of Scots vernacular, hydra-headed sentences, and all the other chills that flesh is heir to, and taken the plunge, he will find it an appetizing exercise and one from which he will emerge with a healthy glow. For Mr. Ressich, though he has his shortcomings, among which perhaps the greatest is a certain amateurishness of style, has also, quite decidedly, his merits. The chapters here collected are hardly ever stories in the accepted sense, being rather character sketches of types. Many of them are very good as such, and one or two exceedingly good. Mr. Ressich leaves you in no doubt as to the actual existence of his characters. The story called 'Type-ical' is particularly successful in this way. 'The Coroner's Tale' is the nearest approach in form to a short story proper and has an unexpected twist at the end in quite the approved manner. In the second half of the book, under the general title 'Saddle and Sour'—a title somehow reminiscent of G. A. Henty in his prime—the author has collected a series of descriptive pieces of the war as seen through the eyes of the cavalry "out east." We remember reading and enjoying one or two of these in a periodical some time ago, and they have lost none of their freshness by being subjected to the processes of preservation. They are for the most part slight, but they effectively catch the breath of the desert and present a vivid picture. Mr. Ressich certainly has the gift of characterization and of making both scenes and persons live; and if he will study closely the technique of presentation he should do well. His sentences are often over-long, his method of telling his tale is sometimes not altogether suited to the subject, his humour occasionally a little laboured. He would also do well to note for future reference that page after page of monologue in broad Scots entails a feat of mental gymnastics that is apt to prove a severe strain on the mere Englishman. For a' that, 'Oddly Enough' well repays perseverance, which is a habit in the land of Bruce's spider, and a virtue anywhere.

The Price of Exile. By William J. Makin. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.

THIS novel, although exclusively concerned with the well-worn material of Anglo-Indian life and intrigue, is well written and sufficiently promising to encourage the hope that the writer will do better work when he has more scope for his originality and his distinct faculty for drawing character.

Mr. Makin obviously knows the life he depicts intimately, and whilst he cannot flash his scenes and incidents on to the canvas as does Mr. Kipling, nor paint large many-coloured varieties of native life as does Mrs. Steel, he gives somehow with a more convincing realism, the social and political India of to-day with its amazing contrasts, its opportunities for melodramatic activity, its picturesque quality, its strange mystery of an undercurrent of life, which is felt throughout these pages precisely as men deeply familiar with every aspect of life in India, feel it, though they rarely speak of it. We accompany Beresford the journalist upon his secret mission to discover by mingling with the natives in their underground haunts the roots of the conspiracy, that neither Government with its numberless threads, nor military force, can unearth and stamp out. And for a moment we find ourselves questioning, is this modern India with its problems and perils for the men of the ruling race, or is this the India of legend and art, as we look at the exquisite exotic Princess, who has bewitched Lassington, another of the group; and while we are dreamily pausing we are again following Beresford, disguised and holding his life in his hand, as he makes one of the great throng of students assembled to hear the Revolutionist and Anarchist, Sunnia Khan, who had been deported years ago by the British Government and had now returned to overthrow the British Raj.

The situation at the present moment is vividly painted and the political movement skilfully interwoven with the story of Stella, who has no sooner set foot in India, than she discovers that she has no love for her husband, a sensitive weak character yet with elements of manliness that finally help him to regain his young wife, who is no decadent modern heroine, but an imperfect woman whose immature character grows into strength before our eyes. Beresford's tragic fate, the relations of Lassington with the Princess who gives her life for her lover, and the happy reconciliation of husband and wife, give this story freshness and variety, and we look forward to the next novel by this writer.

The House on the Bogs. By Katharine Tynan. Ward Lock. 7s. net.

MRS. HINKSON'S characteristic and apparently inexhaustible charm is manifested in every page of this her latest work. Wisely, she has chosen a period far anterior to the war and to those phases which the Irish question has of late years assumed. The action of her story begins, roughly speaking, with the 'seventies, and ends early in the 'eighties. Yet her heroine, Doreen O'Kelly, is more of the twentieth than of the nineteenth century, and a delightful girl withal. Between her and her loyal knight, Kit Lavery, the course of true love runs with amazing smoothness, but, strange to say, it presents a spectacle which pleases rather than bores us. The chief interest, however, lies elsewhere—namely, in Doreen's rescue of her benefactress, Peggy Hamilton, from the machinations of two wicked French servants, and also from the mental collapse brought on by a crushing disappointment. It matters little that various incredible circumstances are introduced, such as Miss Hamilton's splendid jewels, and the hidden suite of rooms in her country mansion; for all have the true fairy-tale ring. Equally fascinating, after a more uncanny style, are the scenes in the haunted Dublin house. We must spare a word for two quaint old ladies of that uniquely Irish type which "Katharine Tynan" has always excelled in delineating.

NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE

INSURANCE Co., Ltd.

Funds £25,746,000.

Income £9,110,000

London: 61 Threadneedle Street E.C. 2

Edinburgh: 64 Princes Street

The Library Table

France and England: Their relations in the Middle Ages and Now, by T. F. Tout (Longmans, 7s. 6d. net), is founded on a course of four lectures given at the University of Rennes last year, and is devoted to emphasizing the common elements in the culture and political history of the two peoples. Prof. Tout not only achieves this aim with the ease and completeness which we should expect from our leading mediæval historian, but he takes the opportunity of correcting many common misapprehensions, and of clarifying popular notions of such things as nationality in the Middle Ages. The part played alternately by French and by English monarchs in unifying Western civilization is admirably brought out, and the way in which alien invasions were absorbed in England insisted on. Prof. Tout, we think, rather undervalues the comparative influence of Oxford with respect to Paris in the thirteenth century: we hardly know enough of the thought of the time to speak of it as merely a local university. On the administrative side of history, which the author has made peculiarly his own, this little volume is of special value, and we feel sure that not only the ordinary educated public to whom it is addressed, but also students of history, will find pleasure and profit in its perusal.

The General Eyre, by W. C. Bolland (Cambridge University Press, 6s. net), besides being a noteworthy contribution to our knowledge of early legal history in England, is full of interest for everyone who would wish to know something of the life of our ancestors in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries from unimpeachable evidence. The Eyre was a periodical visit paid to each county in turn by judges who exercised all the royal prerogatives and enforced all the rights of the crown. Mr. Bolland gives us a lively picture of their operations, the cases and persons who came before them and the well-founded terror their coming caused. His book is a good deal more entertaining than most historical romances, a round dozen of which could be furnished forth from his pages.

The Magazines

The Fortnightly is a very varied number this month. Dr. Dillon, Mr. Huddleston and others treat of politics home and foreign, Mr. Hurd of the change in the naval outlook consequent on Washington. Major-General Dunsterville writes on 'The Coming Changes in India,' from the point of view of the three hundred million of peasants who have not asked for change, and must suffer from any evil consequences it brings. Miss Underhill describes the part played by suggestion in religious experience, and warns her readers against certain morbid types of hymns and thoughts. Mr. Dawson gives us some reminiscences in 'Bismarck's Vindication,' but adds nothing very new to our knowledge of that statesman's downfall. Mr. Dell describes 'The Birds of Switzerland,' showing the extraordinary variety to be met with at different altitudes. Mrs. Courtney has an illuminating article on 'John Galsworthy as Dramatist,' to which point is added by the revival of 'The Pigeon.' Mr. Poynter tells us of the personal character of the late Pope and briefly reviews the careers of his predecessors of the same name from the Roman Catholic point of view. Mr. Huntley Carter gives us a very interesting 'Historical Sketch of the Theatre in Soviet Russia,' affording us some idea of the fortunes of some well-known houses, and showing how the influence of a new audience has reacted on playwrights and actors.

Blackwood's begins a new serial, 'Murder Disqualifies,' which promises well. 'The Peregrinations of an Officer's Wife' have begun again, and we are glad to welcome the story of such an able writer. Mr. Hutchinson's short story, 'The Swordsman,' is very good, and the 'Sortes Virgilianæ,' with their gloomy prediction of Mr. Griffith's fate, have just the right atmosphere. The verse is well up to the high standard of *Blackwood*. 'Musings without Method' raises a discordant note to the chorus of praise with which the Report on 'The Study of English' has been received.

The World's Work continues its publication of Mr. Page's letters. They have now reached the point of the sinking of the *Lusitania* and his first experience of a Zeppelin raid. We think he possibly exaggerated public feeling about America in his letters; English people in the mass were little concerned on the subject. Mr. E. T. Raymond writes on 'The Return of Earl Grey,' but the most generally interesting articles after those of Mr. Page are those of Mr. Stefansson describing 'The Fruitful Arctic' and of Mr. Freeman in 'Running the Big Bend of the Columbia.' It is one of the most generally interesting of the popular magazines.

The Nature Lover, of which the first number has reached us, will have many attractions for a large circle of our readers. It contains, amongst other articles, 'Out and About in March,' 'The Daffodil,' 'A Bird's Egg,' and a discussion of the relative beauty of the Blackthorn and the Hawthorn. The frontispiece is a Japanese Bird Study.

We have also received the *St. Martin-in-the-Fields Review*, which contains this month an appreciation of Shackleton by Sir Francis Younghusband, an old fable retold by Mr. Stephen Graham, and a characteristic paper on 'The Value of Laughter'

by Mr. Laurence Housman. The Review goes far outside the scope of the ordinary local magazine, and its range of subjects and thoughtful, while vigorous, handling of them will appeal to a wider public, we hope with success.

La Revue de Genève publishes an article by M. Jaques-Dalcroze on 'La Technique de la plastique vivante,' some extracts from a forthcoming work by the Brazilian writer Carvalho, a scathing paper on Futurist poetry in France by M. Thérive, and a study of the independence of woman in marriage by Mme. Lombroso. Señor de Madariaga contributes a study of the Basque novelist Baroja, and M. Jorga gives a very interesting historical account of the peasant movement in Roumania. There are a number of other papers, one of them a study of the plans of Mr. Lloyd George from the European point of view.

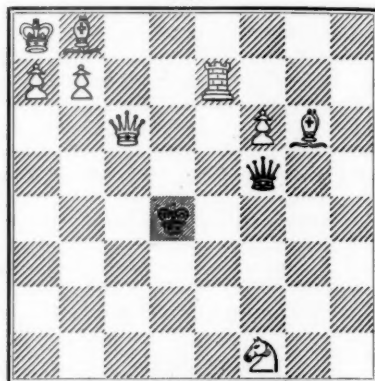
The Mercure de France is, as usual, full of articles of wide and well-chosen interest. General Cartier continues his study of the Francis Bacon cryptogram, which depends on a control of the compositors in a seventeenth-century printing office that could not be obtained to-day. The best part of the *Mercure* is always its review of current literature: in this number we have amongst others a note of Dutch, Czech-Slovak, Modern Greek and Chinese publications. We learn from a note on 'La Maison des Gens de Lettres' at Petrograd, that in 1919 no less than forty-two members of the Academy of Sciences died of hunger and cold.

Chess

PROBLEM No. 17.

By O. WURZBURG.

BLACK



WHITE

White to play and mate in two moves.

Solutions should be addressed to the Chess Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW, and reach him before Mar. 11.

PROBLEM No. 18.

Solution.

WHITE :

- (1) R-K6.
- (2) Mates accordingly.

BLACK :

Any move.

PROBLEM No. 15.—Correct from A. S. Brown, R. Black, A. S. Mitchell, E. J. and P. C. Davies, Rev. W. Mason, A. Lewis, Rev. S. W. Sutton, W. Tudball and C. O. Grimshaw.

The annual book of the Surrey County Chess Association for 1920-21 shows a highly satisfactory state of affairs, the finances being in capital condition while an ambitious programme of matches has been arranged for the coming season. We note that in December there were 675 members, representing an increase of 105 on the figures for the end of 1920, while, of the seven matches recorded in the pamphlet, Surrey won all except that against Middlesex (in January of last year). The Association, which contains many of the strongest English players, is evidently well managed and piloted by an energetic and able secretary (Mr. F. F. L. Alexander), who is in the enviable position of having an unusually large galaxy of talent to draw upon for his important contests.

There is a fair prospect of the Easter-week Chess Festival at Weston-super-mare going with a good swing. We hear that Sir George Thomas and the Serbian master, Boris Kostich, have already entered for the chief event, for which the prizes are twelve, eight and four pounds, with an entrance fee of fifteen shillings. This event is limited to ten competitors, while any number of players may enter for each of the other tournaments. The 22nd inst. is the last date for entries, and all further particulars may be obtained from Mr. J. D. Howell, 22, Beach Road, Weston-super-mare.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. H. G. Cole, who was at one time one of the strongest chess players in England and had won the championship of the Metropolitan Club. He was a very able man in many directions, an expert in such diverse matters as insurance and archaeology, and will be greatly missed by a large circle of personal friends.

4 March 1922

Books Received

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

- Civilization in the United States.* Edited by H. E. Stearns. Cape: 25s. net.
Edmond Warre. By C. R. L. Fletcher. Murray: 21s. net.
Henry VI. By Mabel E. Christie. Kings and Queens of England. Constable: 16s. net.
The American Language. By H. L. Mencken. Cape: 30s. net.
The Big Four and Others of the Peace Conference. By Robert Lansing. Hutchinson: 8s. 6d. net.
The History of Education. By E. P. Cubberley. Constable: 18s. net.
The Royal Fusiliers in the Great War. By H. C. O'Neill. Heinemann: 21s. net.
The Second Year of the League. By Harold W. V. Temperley. Hutchinson: 6s. net.
Tudor Ideals. By Lewis Einstein. Bell: 14s. net.

VERSE

- Facets.* Seen by W. J. Ibbett. Shakespeare Head Press: 2s. net.
Songs in Captivity. By R. H. Sauter. Heinemann: 3s. 6d. net.
The Ballad of the "Royal Ann." By Crosbie Garstin. Heinemann: 3s. 6d. net.

THEOLOGY

- God's Principles of Gathering.* By George Goodman. Pickering and Inglis: 2s. 6d. net.
The Redemption of the Body. Four Lectures on the Resurrection. By the Rev. C. E. Douglas. The Faith Press: 2s. net.

FICTION

- A Year and a Day.* By Guy Thorne. Ward Lock: 7s. net.
Ravensdene Court. By J. S. Fletcher. Ward Lock: 7s. net.
The Age of Consent. By Evelyn Fane. Cape: 6s. net.
The Garden Party. By Katherine Mansfield. Constable: 7s. 6d. net.
The Green Moth. By G. E. Mitton and J. G. Scott. Murray: 7s. 6d. net.
The Oppidan. By Shane Leslie. Chatto & Windus. 8s. 6d. net.
The Idealist. By John Owen. Hodder & Stoughton.
Therese of the Revolution. By Lt.-Col. C. P. Haggard. White: 7s. 6d. net.
Undying Music. By L. G. Moberly. Ward Lock: 7s. net.

NATURAL HISTORY AND TRAVEL

- On the Trail of the Pigmies.* By Dr. Leonard John Vanden Bergh. Fisher Unwin: 12s. 6d. net.
The Naturalization of Animals and Plants in New Zealand. By George M. Thomson. Cambridge University Press: 42s. net.
The Soul of Central Africa. By John Roscoe. Cassell: 25s. net.

MISCELLANEOUS

- Notes on the Text of Aeschylus.* By E. S. Hoernle. Oxford, Blackwell: 4s. 6d. net.
Opera at Home. New Edition. The Gramophone Company.
Production and Fair Profits. By James Turner. Sherratt & Hughes: 6s. net.
The Fortnightly Club. By Horace G. Hutchinson. Murray: 12s. net.
The Groundwork of Social Reconstruction. By William Glover. Cambridge University Press: 2s. 6d. net.
The Trial of Mrs. Maybrick. Edited by H. B. Irving. Notable British Trials. Edinburgh, Hodge: 10s. 6d. net.
Yvette in Italy and Titania's Palace. By Neville Wilkinson. Hodder & Stoughton: 7s. 6d. net.

A Library List

The following books are suggested to those making up their library lists. An asterisk against a title denotes that it is fiction.

- Alarums and Excursions.* By James Agate. Grant Richards.
Alone. By Norman Douglas. Chapman & Hall.
A Revision of the Treaty. By J. M. Keynes. Macmillan.
Belief in God. By Charles Gore. Murray.
**Crome Yellow.* By Aldous Huxley. Chatto & Windus.
Essays and Addresses. By Gilbert Murray. Allen & Unwin.
**Greensea Island.* By Victor Bridges. Mills & Boon.
**Guinea Girl.* By Norman Davey. Chapman & Hall.
**Jurgen.* By J. B. Cabell. Lane.
Last Days in New Guinea. By C. A. W. Moncton. The Bodley Head.
Lord Byron's Correspondence. Edited by John Murray. Murray.
Painted Windows. By "A Gentleman with a Duster." Mills & Boon.
Peaceless Europe. By Francesco Nitti. Cassell.
**Search.* By Margaret Rivers Larmine. Chatto & Windus.
South. By Sir Ernest Shackleton. Heinemann.
Ten Years at the Court of St. James. By Baron von Eckardstein. Butterworth.
The Pleasures of Ignorance. By Robert Lynd. Grant Richards.
The Riddle of the Rhine. By Victor Lefebure. Collins.
The Secrets of a Savoyard. Henry A. Lytton. Jarrold.
The Young Adventurers. By Agatha Christie. Bodley Head.
**Wanderers.* By Knut Hamsun. Gylendal.
With the Battle Cruisers. By Filson Young. Cassell.
**Youth and the Bright Medusa.* By Willa Cather. Heinemann.

Company Meeting

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY

SPEECH OF A. C. THOMPSON, Esq., CHAIRMAN.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED, was held on Thursday, March 2nd, 1922, at the Chief Office, Holborn Bars, London, Mr. A. C. Thompson, the Chairman of the Company, presiding.

The Secretary, Sir George May, K.B.E., having read the notice convening the Meeting and the Auditors' Report,

The Chairman said:—Ladies and Gentlemen, I now have the pleasure to present to you the Report for the seventy-third year of the Company's operations. This Report reflects, like many of its predecessors, the general commercial and economic conditions which the Nation has experienced during the period under review.

In view of the difficult conditions the results secured by the Company in the past twelve months must be considered to be as remarkable as those previously achieved, even though the actual figures may in some instances fail to create fresh records.

TOTAL INCOME OF THE COMPANY.

The total income of the Company for the year as shown by the accounts was £31,112,827, an increase of nearly two and three-quarter million pounds over that of the previous year. The various items which make up this income and the sources from which they arise are as follows:—

Premiums, Industrial Branch	£13,998,392
Premiums, Ordinary Branch	9,367,063
Premiums, General Branch	686,299
Consideration for Annuities granted	109,661
Interest and Dividends	6,274,065
Payment received for Administration of the Approved Societies	677,347
	<hr/> £31,112,827

A comparison of these figures with those for 1920 shows that an increase, in some cases a substantial increase, has been obtained in the income from every one of the sources mentioned.

INDUSTRIAL BRANCH.

In the Industrial Branch the increase in the premiums received over those for 1920 was £1,006,784. This figure is not so large as that shown in the two preceding years of active trade; it is, however, satisfactory to note that not only is the increase in this Branch for 1921 greater than that for any year prior to 1919, but that it actually exceeded the increase for this Branch in the whole quinquennium immediately before the War.

ORDINARY BRANCH.

The year's business in the Ordinary Branch is equally satisfactory. The new premium income is £1,138,447, which, while not so large as in 1920, is more than double that of our best pre-war years. The number of policies issued during 1921 was 93,522, assuring the sum of £15,968,378, of which £6,240,376 was for sums assured of £500 and over. The new sums assured are not so great as those for 1919 and 1920, which were our previous best years, but are sufficiently impressive to indicate the confidence of the public in Prudential Life Assurance.

Ten years ago the average sum assured for policies issued in that year was £93. In 1921 it was £171. This constitutes a fresh record and lends emphasis to my previous remark.

CLAIMS.

During the past year the total amount paid by the Company in claims and surrenders was more than ten and a half million pounds in all branches inclusive. This is rather more than £1,200,000 in excess of the previous year's total, and includes a sum of no less than £4,118,713 paid under matured endowment assurances in the Ordinary Branch. The amount paid in death claims in the Ordinary Branch was £1,634,290, and in the Industrial Branch was £3,128,068.

VALUATION REPORT.

Turning now to our liabilities you will see from the Valuation Report that the Company holds as a total reserve against all future liability under its insurance contracts the sum of £127,184,621, in the Ordinary Branch £61,379,431, in the Industrial Branch £65,269,505, and in the General Branch £535,685. The total increase in the reserve held in the three Branches collectively is just under ten million pounds sterling.

ORDINARY BRANCH BONUS.

The surplus shown in the Ordinary Branch is £1,779,146, of which £500,000 has been added to Investments Reserve Fund, and £993,453 has been allocated to the with-profit policyholders. This is sufficient to provide a reversionary bonus of 26s. per cent. of the sum assured for the year, being an increase of 6s. per cent. on the bonus declared last year. We have every reason, after careful consideration, to believe that we are leaving behind us the lean years resulting from the War, and that the continuous progress in our Ordinary Branch Bonus, so violently interrupted in 1914, will be resumed.

You will see from the Valuation Report that in the Industrial Branch the surplus is £1,309,096, this being a substantial increase over the corresponding item for last year. Of this amount £300,000 has been added to the Investments Reserve Fund, and £200,000 has been carried to the Common Contingency Fund. Under our profit-sharing scheme, the sum of £200,000 is available for distribution among the Industrial Branch policyholders who are entitled to participate, and £50,000 will be distributed among the Outdoor Staff.

INDUSTRIAL BRANCH BONUS.

You will remember that the method adopted before the War of distributing the policyholders' share of profits was to declare a bonus payable only on the claims arising within the year in which the surplus was distributed. Now that it is possible again to put the scheme into operation we desire to effect an improvement so that, instead of the bonus being a mortuary benefit limited to the year of distribution, provision shall be made so that the additions may ultimately become permanent. This ideal is impossible of immediate attainment, but it is hoped in the course of a reasonable period to pass completely from one system to the other. As a step towards this end we are this year distributing the policyholders' share of the surplus as an addition of 2½ per cent. to the sum assured under all claims emerging whether by death or maturity of endowment during the two years, 3rd March, 1922, to 6th March, 1924, provided that premiums have been paid for ten years and upwards and that the policy was not issued with the express condition that it would not participate under the profit-sharing scheme. It is hoped further to extend year by year the period over which the bonus is spread. That is to say, it is the intention, so far as surplus is available in 1923, to spread any Industrial Branch bonus, which may then be declared, over a period of three years, and in the following year over a period of four years, and so on. When the accumulation provides a bonus of 10 per cent. on policies on which ten years' premiums have been paid, it is intended to apply the surpluses to increase bonuses on policies of longer duration, until a bonus of 1 per cent. for each year of duration has been attained. It must, of course, be understood that I am not attempting in any way to forecast the future rates of bonus, but merely indicating the method which we intend to pursue in allocating any profits available.

INDUSTRIAL ASSURANCE BILL.

Since our Meeting a year ago a Bill has been introduced into Parliament based upon the Report on the business of Industrial Assurance by the Departmental Committee, presided over by Lord Parmoor. Many of the clauses of the Bill attempt to make general some of the improved conditions and benefits which have already been introduced by the most successful of the organisations engaged in the business, but there are other clauses to which fundamental objection must be taken, and which are receiving and will receive our close attention.

No real reform of the system under which Industrial Assurance business has been conducted in the past can be secured merely by the legislative adoption of principles which, however desirable in theory, arbitrarily regulate the rate of expenses or the division of profits, or by any amount of autocratic inspection.

Real reform is not only highly desirable, it is absolutely necessary for the true welfare of the business, but it must be based upon sound commercial principles.

The main difficulty to be surmounted is not new; it arises largely from the unavoidably heavy cost of collecting the premiums. At the present day there are thousands of agents or collectors engaged in business similar to our own who could without increased labour collect three or four times the amount they are in fact collecting if the area over which they have to travel were sufficiently circumscribed.

BLOCK SYSTEM.

This is the problem to solve which the Prudential experimentally introduced in 1912, the block system of collecting; the problem in our case did not present so great a difficulty as in the case of other Industrial Companies or Societies, because being the largest organisation of the kind, a given area yields us on the average a larger sum in premiums, but even so, we have a number of agencies where the advantage of the block system is inconspicuous owing to the population being so widely scattered.

In my opinion our business was only just large enough to enable us to derive the full advantage of the block system; the advantage already gained would have been more easily recognised in our expense ratio had it not been for the increased cost of labour and material which has prevailed during recent years. The system now applies to 89 per cent. of our collections, and we are convinced that in the near future it will enable us to effect further important reductions in the cost of conducting the business.

In 1913, when the premium income was £12,806,090, our staff outside the Chief Office numbered 20,475. Now that our premium income is £24,051,754, the staff numbers 14,408. We have already been enabled to increase salaries to the general contentment of our staff, while at the same time realising a very considerable economy.

FINANCIAL CONDITIONS.

For many years past your Chairman has had to speak of depreciation in securities, and it is therefore with pleasure that I am able to report a very considerable appreciation for the year 1921. Last year I told you that the depreciation for 1920 was the heaviest we had ever had to face, and it will therefore be very gratifying to you to hear that on the 31st December last the depreciation of the year 1920 had been considerably more than wiped out and that since the 31st December further considerable improvement has taken place.

Although this is the case, it is still necessary to carry amounts to investment and other reserve funds in order that we may regain the strong position we held before the war and without

which our difficulties which arose out of the war would have been greatly increased. As already mentioned, we have therefore this year credited £500,000 in the Ordinary and £300,000 in the Industrial Branch to the Investments Reserve Funds, and £200,000 to the Common Contingency Fund. Apart from writing down securities, the Investments Reserve Funds would thus have been increased to £3,000,000 in the Ordinary Branch and £1,900,000 in the Industrial Branch. Since, however, we have applied £1,000,000 and £400,000 in the respective Branches to writing down securities the figures stand in the Balance Sheet at £2,000,000 and £1,500,000 respectively. The sums used in writing down have in the main been devoted to the reduction of the Ledger values of securities of a permanent nature.

The Common Contingency Fund stands at £400,000 and is applicable on the direction of your Board to the support of any or all of the Branches.

RATE OF INTEREST EARNED.

Our General Branch assets now amount to £700,000, of which nearly £600,000 have been invested during the last few years and the Ledger values are considerably under the market values. Our total assets now stand at the large figure of nearly £135,000,000, and the rate of interest earned on the Assurance Funds during the year was £4 6s. 6d. per cent. after deducting Income Tax. This compares with the yield for 1920 of £4 4s. 6d., thus showing an increase of 2s. per cent.

INCREASE IN FUNDS.

You will see from the Balance Sheet that our assets show an increase of about £10,000,000, but the actual amount of new investments during the year was very much greater.

The rate at which these vast sums are invested is, of course, of the utmost importance, and the responsibility for their investment is a task of no mean magnitude to your Board. A guiding principle in their policy is to ensure as far as they are able the safety of the capital.

GENERAL BRANCH.

I have already quoted the amount of premiums received in our General Branch, and a comparison of this with the corresponding item for 1920 shows an increase of £463,634. Last year we were satisfied to be able to report that in this Branch we had secured double the premium income of 1919, and our satisfaction should remain undiminished, seeing that we have during 1921 succeeded in trebling the premium income of 1920. The increase in our premium income in this Branch is due to our constant endeavour to develop this class of business on sound lines, and notably to our entry into marine insurance, which, as I told you last year, we are transacting through the medium of the Royal Exchange Assurance. It is impossible to declare at the present moment to what degree this business has been profitable, since a considerable proportion of expected claims is not ascertainable immediately. Marine Insurance business, as many of you know, has been passing through a difficult time, and, moreover, we only commenced the business on the 1st January, 1921. In these circumstances it would be inadvisable to express any opinion on the results, except that our underwriter is satisfied that our business is up to the average of its class.

GENERAL BRANCH RESERVE.

Whilst our General Branch business is making satisfactory progress we still feel that the wise course is to reserve the whole of the balance of income after payment of claims and expenses. We feel sure that it will be readily recognised that the adoption of this course is to the advantage of everyone interested in this Branch of our business, whether it be as a present or prospective policyholder, or as a shareholder, even though to the latter it means further deferment of declaration of dividend on the B shares.

We have now gained very considerable experience and several new departures in our methods of obtaining and conducting General Branch business are being inaugurated. These changes are largely matters of internal organisation, but we think you should know at this, the earliest possible moment, that we propose to become a Tariff Office.

FURTHER DEVELOPMENTS.

At the present time, owing to various causes, it is apparent that there are exceptional opportunities for extending our General Branch business, more particularly by means of Re-insurance Treaties, both Home and Foreign. It is felt that we should be lacking in foresight and should not be serving the best interests of all concerned if we failed to take advantage of these favourable circumstances.

We have been offered by the Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Company valuable Re-insurance Treaties for Fire Insurance business in the United States of America, and these we intend to accept.

For the more convenient transaction of this business it has been found advisable to form a subsidiary company in the U.S.A., the share capital of which will be held by this company. Other valuable Re-insurance Treaties for Home and Foreign business already placed at our disposal and the extension of our business by means of direct Agencies will be undertaken by our General Branch in the ordinary course.

It is felt that this extension of business, although backed by the reserve held in our Common Contingency Fund, will be more properly represented by a larger paid-up capital, and we therefore propose to call up a further 2s. on our B Shares during the present year by means of two separate calls of 1s. each.

4 March 1922

Company Meetings

SOUTH-EASTERN & CHATHAM RAILWAY COMPANIES

A JOINT GENERAL MEETING of the proprietors of the South-Eastern and the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Companies was held on the 23rd ult. at Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., Mr. H. Cosmo O. Bonsor, the chairman, presiding.

The Chairman, in the course of his speech, said that he had a difficult task, as he was anxious that every stockholder of each company should appreciate the position of the managing committee, its difficulties, and its future. On August 16 last the Government had given them back their railways after seven years of State control. To say the least of it, the damage done to them as a commercial undertaking was serious. Their working expenses during Government control had increased by over 200 per cent., and on the other side of the account goods rates had increased by only 110 per cent., and passenger fares by 75 per cent. Their heavy lines had naturally the better of them, because, having an increase of 110 per cent. on goods traffic, they could show a better return than this, which was practically a passenger line. The compensation given to the railway companies by the Government was £24,500,000, of which the managing committee's share was £1,031,000. They had to draw £382,000 of that for the purpose of making up the revenue of 1920, and £649,000 remained over for use in the current year, and he presumed that there was a further sum of something over £1,000,000 to come to them when the accounts were made up in January, 1923. Large economies had taken place all over the system. Wages were lower owing to the fall in the rate of living, and both coal and material were cheaper. As a proof of the economies effected, he might say that in 1921 they had carried 3,000,000 more passengers than in 1913, but the train mileage was down 23 per cent.

The Chairman proceeded to deal with the position under the Railways Act, by which, he said, the managing committee was ordered to be a constituent company. It had no capital and no shareholders, and yet was ordered to be a party to the fusion of the Southern group under the Act. That Act was a most extraordinary production. For the first time in Parliamentary history commercial businesses were ordered to amalgamate whether they liked it or not. The difficulties were apparent, but the managing committee were agreed that the first step in the interests of both companies must be the fusion of the South-Eastern and Chatham Companies and the extinction of the managing committee. It was obvious that the position of the companies would be strengthened for purposes of amalgamation by complete fusion. It must be seen that no advantage and no disadvantage accrued to either company, and with that object in view they were now engaged in working out a scheme which would preserve as far as possible to every shareholder in both companies his right to the same share of any revenue which he received now or might receive in the future. Dealing with the proposed electrification of their system, he said that a scheme had been in existence before the war, but the war had prevented it, and at the end of the war Government control had so diminished railway credit that it was impossible to raise capital for that most necessary undertaking. On the passing of the Trades Facility Act they had made proposals to the Government whereby the necessary capital should be guaranteed by them as to capital and interest, and those proposals had met with favourable consideration. The money borrowed would carry Government guarantee. It was proposed to form a construction company to do the work, and that company would lease the undertaking to the managing committee or their successors on a lease for twenty-five years, at a rent sufficient to repay capital and interest on the expiration of the lease, when the works would become the property of the managing committee or their successors.

The report was adopted.

SELFRIDGE & COMPANY

THE FOURTEENTH ANNUAL ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of Selfridge & Co., Ltd., was held on the 27th ult. at the company's store, Oxford Street, W.

Mr. H. Gordon Selfridge (chairman and managing director) presided, and, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said that the twelve months just passed had brought little joy to the merchant and man of business, unless indeed he found pleasure in tackling a difficult proposition and wrestling with it against very heavy odds. For the most part 1921 had been a year of declining prices and a growing disinclination on the part of the public to buy any but the real necessities. Their increase in the number of articles sold over 1920 or any previous year was very large. The actual increase in individual transactions was over 1,700,000, but the decrease in values had made it less easy to show an increase in actual returns. It had also been a period of abnormal departmental expenses.

The profit for the year was £342,665, which amount included £50,000 as a credit on over-provision of excess profits duty. The amount of profit many of their friends and critics had called good, but they were in no way over-impressed with it. Those figures were, it was true, well within the safety zone, and had only been

arrived at after a conservative treatment of their stocks and book accounts. To the profits, £342,665, was to be added the amount brought forward, £141,242, making £483,908, and after paying debenture interest and preference dividend they had a balance in hand with which to depreciate the fittings and fixtures by £15,000 instead of £10,000 as heretofore, to write down investments by £25,000 instead of £15,000 as heretofore, to write down leaseholds by £10,000, to reserve £16,500 for that not very agreeable item, the corporation profits tax, to make a further contribution of £25,000 to reserve account, to pay 12 per cent. on the staff participating shares, to pay the usual 10 per cent. on the Ordinary shares, and to carry forward the sum of £143,468, which was somewhat larger than last year.

Continuing, he said, this would seem to be a satisfactory condition of matters as a whole, and so it is except that we think we should have done a greater turnover and made a larger profit. A business like this is capable of practically anything one chooses and is able to make of it. A great distributing house can, if sufficiently wisely and progressively managed, carry trade, and consequently money-making ability, to practically any extent. Aside from understanding the business, it is largely a matter of conserving its finance—in other words, retaining as much as possible of its profits instead of paying them out in dividends—of being alive to opportunity—of looking after details—of giving of the best and most liberal service—of doing these and many other things which when all added together build this, the most complicated of all kinds and classes of business, into an undertaking of great size, of infinite interest, and fair commensurate profit.

Another secret of our last year's result is the quick turnover of stocks at a very moderate gross profit. (It is not usually known, but it is true, that the low gross profit per cent. which we and a few of our neighbours get on our returns is far less in per cent. than is obtained in America or France.) We turned our average stocks last year between seven and eight times, which means that the entire amount of our great stocks was, on the average, sold every thirty-five or forty full days.

And now how about the future? The period required for recovering from the war will be longer than we anticipated. It could never come quickly, but must be gradual. The upward turn has not yet manifested itself, at least not conspicuously. Some manufacturing businesses are increasing their export orders, and plenty of this is what the country needs. The coming six months will, to say the least, certainly require all of our best care and attention, and for the remainder of the year we can only issue a conservative hope.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

The Book of the Day

Second impression now printing

A LETTER-BOOK

Selected and introduced by GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

6s. net.

"No lover of letters in any sense of the word could fail of delight in reading this book. . . . Prof. Saintsbury's happy touch in discursive commentary is so famous that to proclaim it here happier than ever says more than elaborate praise."—*Times*.

"It leads off with a hundred pages, full of humour and wisdom, introducing the history and art of letter writing. . . . A collection of admirable letters."—EDMUND GOSSE in the *Sunday Times*.

"If you want the most scholarly of small books on a notoriously enchanting subject, you will buy, not borrow, 'A Letter Book' by Prof. Saintsbury."—*Punch*.

A SHORT HISTORY OF OUR RELIGION

By D. C. SOMERVELL, M.A. 6s. net.

Mr. Somervell's brilliant outline, built upon modern knowledge, presents in a fresh and interesting manner a continuous history of religious development from the primitive foundations laid by Moses down to the present day. It should be read by all who wish to understand what Christianity has done for mankind.

G. BELL & SONS, LTD., PORTUGAL ST., W.C.2.

CHAMBER ORGAN

MR. FILSON YOUNG is obliged, owing to change of residence, to sell his CHAMBER ORGAN. This unique instrument, built and designed for him by the late Thomas Lewis, is a solution of the problem how to get pure organ tone and prompt speech from pipes scaled to the dimensions of an ordinary room. The perfect tone never becomes monotonous, and the pneumatic action is silent and prompt. Two manuals, 61 notes, and complete pedal. Open Diapason, Dulciana, Vienna Flute and Bourdon, all throughout. Oak case, English-gilt pipes, ebony naturals, and solid ivory sharps from the old organ in St. Paul's Cathedral. Price, complete with fan blower and electric motor, £300.—Apply by letter, F.Y., 9, King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.



THREE NUNS TOBACCO

What you get out of your pipe depends on what you put in it.

Pack it carefully with Three Nuns—cool, fragrant, always in perfect condition—and you know what real satisfaction is. Life takes on a different colour when seen through the blue haze of Three Nuns tobacco smoke.

KING'S HEAD

if you prefer a fuller flavour

Both are sold everywhere in the following packings only

Packages: 1-oz. 1/2, 2-oz. 2/4. Tins: 2-oz. 2/5, 4-oz. 4/5

"THREE NUNS" CIGARETTES

	10's	20's	50's	100's
MEDIUM	6d	1/-	2/5	4/8
HAND MADE	8d	1/4	3/4	6/8

Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Limited, 36 St. Andrew Square, Glasgow

714

CHINESE ART

THE following important illustrated articles dealing with CHINESE ART have appeared in the BURLINGTON MAGAZINE. Copies of these issues may be obtained at 6s. each (post free 6s. 6d.) except Nos. 137, 147, 148, 156, 166, 167, 171, 175, and 189, which are 2s. 6d. each (post free 3s.).

Richard Bennett collection of Chinese porcelain Wares of the Sung and Yuan dynasties ...	Roger E. Fry ... 99 R. L. Hobson, 73, 74, 75, 77, 80
Old Chinese Porcelain made from English silver models ...	E. Alfred Jones ... 103
Towards a grouping of Chinese Porcelains ...	F. Perzynski ... 91, 96, 120
Origin and Development of Chinese Porcelain The Literature of Chinese Pottery ...	Edward Dillon ... 61, 62 B. Rackham ... 167
Tang Pottery and its late Classic Affinities ...	Hamilton Bell ... 139
Exhibition of Chinese Art at the Burlington Fine Arts Club 147, 148
The Inscribed Vase of the Dana Collection Chinese Porcelain in the Davies Collection ...	F. S. Kershaw ... 129 ... 123
Corean Pottery ...	R. Petrucci ... 116
Early Chinese Pottery ...	B. Rackham ... 175
Eumorphopoulos Collection ...	R. L. Hobson, 191, 192, 196, 197, 200, 202, 205 R. L. Hobson ... 204, 213
Chinese Porcelain in the Gow Collection Chinese Figure of Kuan Yin, painted with coloured enamels of the K'ang Hsi period ...	S. W. Bushell ... 56 R. L. Hobson, 111, 112, 114
Chinese Cloisonné Enamel ...	Anon. ... 136
A Chinese Tapestry ...	John Platt ... 106
Ancient Korean Tomb Wares ...	R. L. Hobson ... 117
A Silver Cup of the Yuan Dynasty ...	Kimpei Takeuchi ... 123
The Chinese Appreciation of Jade 127
Chotscho 135, 137
Chinese Inlaid and Incised Lacquer ...	A. A. Breuer ... 137
Chinese Jade ...	J. B. Maxwell ... 137
Rarity of Ancient Chinese Paintings ...	Arthur Waley ... 171
A Chinese Portrait ...	Arthur Waley ... 175
A Painting by Yen H-pen ...	Arthur Waley ... 200

WHEN ORDERING PLEASE QUOTE NUMBER.

THE BURLINGTON MAGAZINE is recognised as authoritative on questions of Art and Art History from the earliest times to the present day. Its contributors are the highest authorities on their respective subjects. Its illustrations are finer than those of any other Art Magazine, and the Magazine aims in its reviewing at being a complete guide to the Literature of the Fine Arts.

Among the subjects dealt with are:—Architecture, Arms and Armour, Bronzes, Oriental Carpets, Chinese Porcelain, Embroideries and Lace, Engravings, Furniture, Old Glass, Miniatures, Old Silver, Pewter, Plate, Paintings, Sculpture, Tapestries, etc.
A Classified List of the Principal Articles Published can be obtained FREE on Application.

THE BURLINGTON MAGAZINE

For Connoisseurs. Illustrated. Published Monthly. 2/6 net.
17 OLD BURLINGTON STREET, LONDON, W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS

P & O and BRITISH INDIA Co.'s Passenger and Freight Services.

MEDITERRANEAN, EGYPT, INDIA, PERSIAN GULF,
BURMAH, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN,
MAURITIUS, SIAM, E. & S. AFRICA, AUSTRALASIA.

Address for all Passenger Business, P. & O. House, 14, Cockspur Street, London, S.W. 1; Freight or General Business: 122, Leadenhall St., E.C. 3.
S.I. Agents, GRAY, DAWES & CO., 122, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C. 3.

BOOKS.—Merriman's Novels, 8 vols., blue cloth, scarce, £3; Byron, Astarte by Earl of Lovelace, 18s., another Edit. de Luxe, £3 10s. od.; Dibdin's Songs, 1842, 2 vols., 30s.; Johnson's Lives of the Poets, 1st edit., 4 vols., 1781, 30s.; Churchward's Signs and Symbols of Primordial Man, 1913, £2 10s. od.; Waite's Secret Tradition in Freemasonry, 2 vols., £3 10s. od.; Inman's Ancient Faiths, 2 vols., £3 3s. od.; Blavatsky, Isis Unveiled, 2 vols., £3 3s. od.; Fraser's Magic Art, 2 vols., 1913, 30s.; Naunton Collection of Japanese Sword Fittings, compiled and illustrated by Joly, 1912, £3 10s. od.; Aristophanes Comedies, 2 vols., Athenian Society, 1912, £5 5s. od.; Baxter Prints: The Pictures of George Baxter with 140 plates, just issued, £3 5s. od.; Gilfillan's British Poets, fine set, large type, 48 vols., £4 4s. od., 1854; Dramatic Works of St. John Hankin with intro. by John Drinkwater, 3 vols., 25s.; Debreit's Peerage, 1915, as new, 32s., for 5s. 6d., post free; Ruskin Works, Best Library Edition, 39 vols., £25; Carmen, illus., by René Bull, Edit. de Luxe, 30s., Send also for Catalogue, 100,000 bargains on hand. If you want a book, and have failed to find it elsewhere, try me. Send a list of books you will exchange for others.—EDWARD BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP, 14-16, John Bright Street, Birmingham.



M. V. WHEELHOUSE

Pomona Toys
64 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, S.W. 3
ORIGINAL TOYS, AT
REASONABLE PRICES

Designed and made in our own workshops

TYPEWRITING AND DUPLICATING of every description carefully and promptly executed at home. MSS. 1s. per 1,000 words, Carbon Copy 3d. per 1,000 words.—MISS NANCY MCFARLANE, 11, Palmeria Avenue, Westcliff-on-Sea.

HETTIE GRAINGER (Literary Typist), 10, Stafford Road, DARLSTON, So. Staffs.

AUTHOR writes: "I have never had so conscientious and intelligent a rendering of my illegible MS."
One shilling per 1,000 words. Copies 3d.

WHY STAMMER?

ALL RANKS of Society, from Duke to Dustman, have praised my treatment. A 36-page Booklet will be sent free to all those seeking genuine cure.—W. LEE WAREING, "Glendene," Anchorsholme, Blackpool.

LADY SECRETARY.—A good post in the higher grades of the Secretarial Profession is guaranteed to every Student accepted by ST. JAMES'S SECRETARIAL COLLEGE (exclusively for gentlewomen), 34 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1.

EARN Money by Your Pen. Unique postal course: Who to write, what to write about, where to sell. Expert guidance, real training. Interesting booklet free. Regent Institute (Dept. 154), 22, Bedford Street, W.C.2.

MSS. for inclusion in important First Novel series and serial uses; also Memoirs, Biography and Travel. Expert editorial service provided if required. INTERNATIONAL LITERARY AGENCY, 16, Featherstone Buildings, W.C.1.

BOOKPLATES, Pictorial, Decorative and Heraldic. An original design exclusive to each client. Write for particulars to OSBORNE, Artist-Engravers, 27, Eastcastle Street, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

GARDENING

OLD SOMERSET STONE CRAZY PAVING, cheapest and most effective on the market for garden paths, terraces, dwarf walls, borders, rockery, etc. Delivered to your station. Write for Booklet S.R. GILLIAM & CO., 8, Queen Street, E.C.4.



R.M.S.P. NEW YORK SERVICE

BY THE "O" STEAMERS OF
THE ROYAL MAIL
STEAM PACKET CO.
18, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.2

AUSTRALIAN MUTUAL PROVIDENT SOCIETY 1849

The Largest Mutual Life Office in the Empire.
ASSETS £47,000,000 ANNUAL INCOME £6,750,000

**MODERATE PREMIUMS
LIBERAL CONDITIONS
WORLD-WIDE POLICIES
EVERY YEAR A BONUS YEAR**

Whole Life Policies, 20 years in force, show average increase of sum assured by Bonus exceeding 50 per cent.
Endowment Assurance Results also are unsurpassed.
37 THREADNEEDLE STREET, LONDON, E.C.2.
W. C. FISHER, Manager for the United Kingdom.

The FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

CONTENTS—MARCH, 1922.

The Thirteenth Conference. By Dr. E. J. Dillon.
M. Poincaré's Policy. By Sisley Huddleston
How the Communist Movement stands in France. By John Bell.
Conservative Principles. By J. A. R. Marriott, M.P.
The British Fleet "Dips its Ensign." By Archibald Hurd
Suggestion and Religious Experience. By Evelyn Underhill
Bismarck's Vindication. By William Harbutt Dawson
Birds of Switzerland. By Anthony Dell
John Galsworthy as Dramatist. By W. L. Courtney
A Philosopher of Tragedy. By Adeline Lister Kaye
Pope Benedict XV, the Pope's Benedict, and the Papacy.
By J. W. Poynter.
The Yugoslav-Albanian Frontier. By Henry Baerlein
The Coming Changes in India. By Major-General L. C. Dunsterville, C.B., C.S.I.
An Historical Sketch of the Theatre in Soviet Russia.
By Huntly Carter.
Inflation, Deflation, and Stability.
By Sir John O. Miller, K.C.S.I.
Recent Antarctic Exploration. By Wilfrid L. Randell.
LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, LIMITED.

COURT THEATRE, SLOANE SQUARE, S.W. (Gerrard 848)
NIGHTLY at 8.40. - MATINEES: WED. & SAT. at 2.40.

By arrangement with J. B. FAGAN.
The LEON M. LION and J. T. GREIN CYCLE OF
JOHN GALSWORTHY PLAYS

Under the direction of LEON M. LION
THE PIGEON LEON M. LION
(For 3 Weeks only) ERNEST THESIGER
MURIEL PRATT

STEINWAY HALL. (Close to Selfridge's)
JEAN STERLING MACKINLAY
FOUR SATURDAYS in MARCH at 3.
March 4th—"Proverbs in Porcelain," by Austin Dobson.
Hacourt Williams. Kenneth Mackinlay.
8/6-1/3. Box Office—MAYFAIR 382.

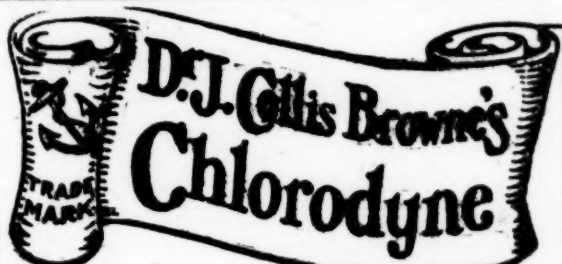
EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY INSURANCE

A small defect may cause a serious and unexpected accident, involving the employer in heavy financial liabilities, if uninsured.
Employers' Liability Insurance Policies are issued by the "British Dominions" at most attractive rates. Each proposal is considered on its merits and special allowances in respect of premiums are made to employers who take precautions to ensure the safety of their employees.
An enquiry involves no obligation; it may result in a considerable saving, a more generous cover and greater security.

**EAGLE STAR &
BRITISH DOMINIONS
INSURANCE COMPANY LTD**

Head Office—BRITISH DOMINIONS HOUSE,
ROYAL EXCHANGE AVENUE, LONDON, E.C.3.
Branches and Agents throughout the United Kingdom.

ASSETS EXCEED £19,000,000



The Reliable Family Medicine
with over 60 Years' Reputation

Always ask for a
"Dr. COLLIS BROWNE"

Acts like a Charm in
DIARRHOEA, COLIC, and
other Bowel Complaints.

Of all Chemists, 1/3 and 3/-.

The Best Remedy known for
COUGHS, COLDS,
INFLUENZA,

ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS,
A True Palliative in NEURALGIA,
TOOTHACHE, RHEUMATISM, GOUT.

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE.

THRIFT MADE EASY

BY THE
SIMPLIFIED SYSTEM
OF THE

SUN LIFE

ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

63 Threadneedle Street, London, E.C.2.

Particulars sent post free on application.

A Security which does not Depreciate

Endowment Assurance provides a means of saving which for convenience and advantage is unequalled. Endowment Assurance is Life Assurance combined with Investment.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE CO., LTD.,

142 HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.1.

London County Westminster and Parr's Bank Limited

ESTABLISHED IN 1836.

Chairman: WALTER LEAF.

Deputy-Chairmen: SIR MONTAGU TURNER, R. HUGH TENNANT

AUTHORISED CAPITAL	£33,000,000
PAID-UP CAPITAL	9,003,718
RESERVE	9,003,718

(31st DECEMBER, 1921.)

Current, Deposit and other Accounts ... £317,655,838

Head Office: 41, LOTHBURY, LONDON, E.C.2.

Chief General Manager: JOHN RAE.

Foreign Branch Office: 82, CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C.3.

AFFILIATED ABROAD.

LONDON COUNTY WESTMINSTER & PARR'S FOREIGN BANK, LTD.

FRANCE—PARIS: 22, Place Vendôme.
BORDEAUX: 22 and 24, Cours de l'Intendance.
LYONS: 37, Rue de la République.
MARSEILLES: 29, Rue Cannebière.
NANTES: 6, Rue Lafayette.

BELGIUM—BRUSSELS: 114-120, Rue Royale.
ANTWERP: 28-30, Place de Meir.

SPAIN—MADRID: Avenida del Conde de Peñalver 21 & 23.
BARCELONA: Paseo de Gracia 8 & 10.
BILBAO: Gran Via 9.
VALENCIA: Alfredo Calderón 13 & Pascual y Genís 6.

AFFILIATED IN IRELAND.

ULSTER BANK LIMITED.

All Cheques on the Ulster Bank will be collected for Customers of this Bank, free of Commission.

The Bank is represented by Branches or Agents in all the Principal Cities and Towns of the United Kingdom and has Correspondents throughout the World.

EXECUTOR AND TRUSTEE DUTIES UNDERTAKEN.

BARCLAYS BANK LIMITED

Head Office: 54 LOMBARD ST., LONDON, E.C.3

AUTHORISED CAPITAL	-	£20,000,000
ISSUED & PAID UP CAPITAL		15,592,372
RESERVE FUND	-	8,250,000
DEPOSITS (31st Dec., 1921)		330,942,300

FREDERICK CRAUFURD GOODENOUGH, *Chairman*.
SIR HERBERT HAMBLING, *Deputy-Chairman*.
EDMUND HENRY PARKER, *Vice-Chairman*.

General Managers:

WILLIAM FAVILL TUKE.
SIR WILLIAM CARRUTHERS.
ROBERT WILLIAM STREET.
JOHN CAULCUTT.

Every description of British & Foreign Banking Business Transacted.

The Bank has over 1,550 Branches in England and Wales.

Executorships and Trusteeships undertaken.

Affiliated Banks:

THE BRITISH LINEN BANK, Head Office: Edinburgh.

THE UNION BANK OF MANCHESTER LIMITED.

Head Office: Manchester.

THE ANGLO EGYPTIAN BANK LIMITED. Head Office: 27 Clement Lane, London, E.C.4.

SPERLING'S JOURNAL

A MONTHLY REVIEW OF CURRENT
FINANCE,

COMMERCE,
INDUSTRY and
ECONOMICS

Published on the 15th of each month

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

12 months	£1	10	0	Post Free
6 "		15	0	"
3 "		7	6	"

SPERLING & CO.,

Basildon House, Moorgate, E.C.2

LLOYDS BANK LIMITED.



Chairman:

Sir RICHARD V. VASSAR-SMITH, Bt.

Deputy-Chairman:

J. W. BEAUMONT PEASE.

HEAD OFFICE: 71, LOMBARD ST., E.C. 3.

Capital Subscribed £71,864,780

Capital paid up - 14,372,956

Reserve Fund - 10,000,000

Deposits, &c. - 348,891,976

Advances, &c. - 130,847,130

THIS BANK HAS 1,600 OFFICES IN ENGLAND AND WALES.

AFFILIATED BANKS:

THE NATIONAL BANK OF SCOTLAND LIMITED.

LONDON AND RIVER PLATE BANK, LIMITED.

AUXILIARY:

LLOYDS AND NATIONAL PROVINCIAL FOREIGN BANK LTD.

g

s.

n.

h.

D.

ad

Parish